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BY H. A. McPIKE.
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
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In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their interests by paying in advance must not complain to be placed on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be distinctly understood from time to time for ward.
Call for your paper before you stop it, if you don't want it most. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

John Wanamaker's.

Plenty of readymade dresses of such sorts as are most in demand now, viz., substantial and not costly.

Also plenty of white muslin dresses below value; and a fair variety of the more costly stuff dresses.

36th and 1003 Chestnut.

There is no danger of overstating the advantage in buying black grenadines now. There is a clear dollar a yard to be gained in most of the rich ones.

Next outer circle, south entrance to main building.

Dress-goods trade with us is now very largely upon goods below value. Checks, checkstripes, melanges, debeige, and others, are at half and two-thirds. Not all we have; we don't mean that; some of all these and other sorts. And low prices are no reflection on the goods. Whatever we buy low we sell low. Of course we lose money on goods sometimes. We are not talking about that now.

Second and third circles, southeast from center.

Cream cashmere shawls of $5 quality, with here and there a dark thread just visible a yard off, $3.50. India chuddas that cost five or ten times as much have such little imperfections. Imitation chuddas are made with them purposely. But, as they don't belong to cashmeres, we sell as above.

1st Chestnut.

It is wonderful how dress-goods have dropped here. Fine-wool and silk-and-wool things at two-thirds; some even at half; the best things in the store at that. Literally true! What in all dress goods is better than a fine debeige? We have one at 50 cents that is well worth a dollar. What has proved better this season than small-check effects? Why, we have thirty sorts at two-thirds and below. What better than a fine melange? Two-thirds; and fifty to choose from. There is no exhausting them.

Grocery counters, southeast from center.

Scotch ginghams of fine-check patterns, so fine as to look like plain colors, and even plain colors are in great favor. 25 and 30 cents. The handkerchief patterns so popular last year at 31 cents are now 25.

American ginghams that usually sell for 15 are now 10.

Center circle, north from center.

Figured and dotted soft mulls very low: 50 and 75 cents instead of 75 to $1.50.

Everything in fine muslins and Hamburg embroideries.

Second and fourth circles, City-hall square entrance.

Belgian pillow linen and sheeting, almost white; almost as white as Irish; and a dollar goes as far in them as a dollar-and-a-quarter in Irish. New crop just come; and it is a good time to emphasize the advantage we always give in such things. Indeed we consult your interest more than any other store by drawing from each country its best, and by rejecting whatever we can get better from another source,

Market st. entrance, City-hall-square entrance.

Honeycomb and dimity bedspreads, $1.10 to $1.45. Fine-wool blankets as large and light as you like, $5 to $11.

Northwest corner of main building.

Colored skirts down; poplin, figures, chambrey, etc. The very best, except seersucker, are $1; seersucker not much more.

One of the busiest corners in the store is that of muslin underwear. We are being rewarded for our patient pursuit of good quality in it.

Second and south entrance to main building.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Principal Depot: Chestnut, Thirteenth and Market streets and City-hall square, Philadelphia.

Failing!

That is what a great many people are doing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow worse.

The only sure remedy yet found is BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and this by rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood purifies and enriches it, and rich, strong blood flowing to every part of the system repairs the wasted tissues, drives out disease and gives health and strength.

This is why BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure kidney and liver diseases, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, malaria, intermittent fevers, &c.

203 S. Paca St., Baltimore, Nov. 28, 1881.
I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and for several weeks could eat nothing and was growing weaker every day. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, and am happy to say I now have a good appetite, and am getting stronger.
JOS. MCCAWLEY.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is *not* a drink and does not contain whiskey. It is the only preparation of Iron that causes no injurious effects. Get the genuine. Don't be imposed on with imitations.

Cuticura
THE NEW BLOOD PURIFIER
Resolvent

Operates with Energy upon the Kidneys, Liver, Bowels, and Pores of the Skin. Neutralizing, Absorbing and Expelling Scrofulous, Cancerous, and Cankerous

HUMORS

The cause of most human ills, and curing when physicians, hospitals, and all other methods and remedies fail. Scrofula or King's Evil, Glandular Swellings, Ulcers, Old Sores, Milk Leg, Mercurial Affections, Erysipelas, Tumors, Abscesses, Carbuncles, Boils, Blood Poisons, Bright's Disease, Wasting of Kidneys and Liver Rheumatism, Constipation, Piles, Dyspepsia, and all Itching and Scaly

ERUPTIONS

Of the Skin and Scalp,—such as Salt Rheum, Psoriasis, Tetter, Ringworm, Barber's Itch, Scald Head, Itching Piles, and other Disfiguring and Torturing Humors, from a pimple to a scrofulous ulcer, when assisted by CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the great Skin Cures.

CUTICURA

A sweet, unchangeable, Medicinal Jelly, clears off all external evidence of Blood Humors, eats away Dead Flesh and Skin, instantly allays Itchings and Irritations, Softens, Soothes and Heals. Worth its weight in gold for all Itching Diseases.

CUTICURA SOAP

An Exquisite Toilet, Bath and Nursery Sanative. Fragrant with delicious flower odors and healing balsam. Contains in a modified form all the virtues of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and is indispensable in the treatment of Skin and Scalp Diseases, and for restoring, preserving and beautifying the complexion and skin. The only Medicinal Baby Soap.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only real curatives for diseases of the Skin, Scalp and Blood.

Price: CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1.00 per bottle; CUTICURA, 50c. per box; large boxes, $1.00; CUTICURA MEDICINAL TOILET SOAP, 25c.; CUTICURA MEDICINAL SHAVING SOAP, 15c. Sold everywhere.

Principal Depot, Weeks & Potter, Boston.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH
BITTERS

It is the concurrent testimony of the public and the medical profession that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicine which achieves results speedily but thorough and single. Besides rectifying liver disorder, it invigorates the feeble, conquers kidney and bladder complaints, and hastens the convalescence of those recovering from enfeebling diseases. Moreover, it is the grand specific for fever and ague.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

CATARRH

Sanford's Radical Cure.

The Great American Alsamic Distillation of Witch Hazel, American Pine, Canadian Fir, Marigold, Clover Blossom, &c.,

For the Immediate Relief and Permanent Cure of every form of Catarrh, from a simple Head Cold or Influenza to the Loss of Smell, Taste and Hearing, Cough, Bronchitis and Incipient Consumption. Indorsed by Physicians, Chemists and Medical Journals throughout the world, as the only complete external and internal treatment.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

Complete Life, Trial and Execution, of Guiteau, the Assassin. Containing FAC-SIMILE LETTERS of the Prisoner. Agents doing immense. Send for circulars. Address W. H. H. LLOYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

"THE NIGHT COMETH ON."

Deep down 'mongst the reedy hollows,
And away thro' the meadows low,
Swift o'er its shining pebbles,
Pausing not in its ceaseless flow,
The brook that comes down the mountain
To the ocean must speed its flight,
As the brightness that dawned with the morning
Must die on the threshold of night.

The ferns by the brookside growing,
And the reeds as they murmur and sigh,
And the willows and meadow grasses
Keep time as the brook sweeps by,
And the ocean is calmly waiting,
But never a ripple will tell,
When the wavelets the brook is bringing
Shall be merged in its long, low swell.

And there cometh a royal sunset
That lighteth the funeral pyre
Of the day as it glides down the western sky
And dies in its crimson fire;
And night with its swift wing mounting,
The brightness sweepeth away,
And setteth the seal of darkness
On the tomb of the vanished day.

And so it but little recketh
How radiant life's dawn may be;
It as surely wears on to the gloaming
As the brook floweth on to the sea.
And however fair be its evening
Its brightness will soon be gone,
And the waning light and the gathering gloom
Will whisper, "The night cometh on."

—*Anna A. Cameron, in Our Continent.*

THE SHADOWY HAND.

I am a traveller and collector for a large house which executes many orders throughout the country. When I have an extensive district, which is often the case, I frequently have a considerable sum of money about me, and on several occasions the possession thereof has rendered me very uneasy; but no more than that of which I speak.

I had been assigned to a large territory in the West, a region rough and mountainous, and which, I had cause to believe, abounded in lawless spirits who might possibly give me some trouble. A person of my calling is always supposed to have a large sum of money about him when he has been out for a number of days or weeks, and many is the time that I have seen people look at me with an expression on their faces that spoke louder than words how much they would like a chance of seeing what my wallet contained. But thus far they never have had their wishes gratified in this respect, and, so long as my faithful six-shooter does not play me false, I don't mean that they shall.

One day at noontime saw me in one of the little villages of the West, hemmed in on all sides by high peaks and lofty summit passes. I had transacted my business there, and now sought the landlord of the inn to learn the way to the next village that I had wished to visit. From him I had learned that it was twenty miles by the public road, and rough and hilly into the bargain.

"But is there no nearer way?" I asked.—"If the road is in the state you say, it will be long after nightfall before I can reach there, and it looks much as though we might have a rainfall presently."

"There is a road over the mountains," he answered, after a pause, "but it has not been much used of late years, and the way is rough. Still, it can be got over; and as it is but little over half the distance it is by the main road, you will get to Silby fully an hour earlier than you could by that way."

"Then I shall try for it, for I want to get there before the storm, if possible."

"Keep the road straight ahead, and keep your eyes open," he said.

"Thank you; I shall do so." I answered.

"Good-day."

"Good-day;" and the landlord waved his hand as I rode away.

For hours I wound along the most wretched road I ever saw. Every now and then a path would branch off, leading, apparently, into the heart of the forest. The afternoon passed away, and night came on, and still there was no change in the road, no sign of my being near to Silby. All was the same dreary wilderness as that through which I had been passing so many hours. With the coming of the darkness the rain began to fall. This added to the disquiet I had already felt, for I feared that I had left the road and got into one of those paths that led I knew not whither.

Faster and faster fell the rain, and with every moment the gloom increased, until the darkness was such that it could almost be felt. Still I plodded on, feeling there was little chance of reaching my destination, but with the hope that I might stumble upon some cabin that possessed human inhabitants, where I could find a fire and shelter for the night. More than an hour passed, and I had nearly given up all hopes of finding shelter, when I beheld the gleam of a light before me. Encouraged by the sight, I urged my horse onward, and in a few minutes found myself in front of a low cabin, through the one window of which the light gleamed that had attracted my attention.

Dismounting I approached and knocked loudly upon the door. There was the sound of shuffling feet within, then it was thrown open, and a man holding a candle in his hand appeared upon the threshold, and demanded what I wanted. As the light flashed upon his face I had the impression that I had seen it before; but it was gone in a moment. In answer to his demand, I told him I wanted shelter for myself and horse for the night, and that if in the morning he would guide me to Silby, he would be suitably rewarded.

He made some reply, the burden of which I could not catch owing to the driving of the rain; and then setting the candle down upon the floor, he came out, saying, as he laid his hand upon the horse's bridle, "'Tain't very good quarters that you'll get here, mister, but perhaps it's better than it is out in the rain."

"Any shelter is better than none on such a night as this," I answered, as I dismounted. And I followed him around to a rude hovel, where he did the best he could for my horse's comfort.

Then we went into the cabin, he picking up the candle he had placed upon the floor, observing as he did so, "I keep bachelor's hall here, so you musn't expect much; but you are hungry, I s'pose?"

I replied in the affirmative, as I drew up to the fire that shone upon the hearth, the heat of which was very grateful after my exposure to the storm. I watched my host as he placed some bread and meat upon the table, and his very look and motion went to confirm the impression that I had seen him before; and then it flashed upon my mind when and where. It was among the rough, unshorn loafers that were hanging around the bar.

The food being set out, he placed a rude seat by the table, and told me my supper was ready, making some excuse because it was not better. I answered him that it was as good as I desired; and as hunger is the best appetizer a man can have, I did the course provender ample justice. When I was satisfied, I resumed my seat once more by the fire, and tried to enter into conversation with my host, but made poor headway. He did not seem inclined to talk, and after a while I gave it up, and we sat in silence for some time, he ever and anon stealing a glance at me from under his shaggy eyebrows, which, in spite of myself, made me feel a little uneasy, when I reflected about the money upon me. At last, tired of this, I told him that I would like to go to bed, if he had a place where I could lie down.—Upon this, he rose and led the way into the other small apartment of the cabin, and, setting down the candle, went out and closed the door.

There was a rude bed in the corner of the room, covered with a ragged quilt, and upon this I threw myself without taking off my clothes. My six-shooter I placed beside me, where I could lay my hand upon it at a moment's notice, and then I blew out the candle and tried to sleep. But that I soon found was impossible to do. A nameless something kept me awake. I could hardly define it as fear. It was more of a nervousness that I could not shake off, try as I would. My eyes would not stay shut, but wanted to remain wide open and fixed upon the wall where the firelight, which shone through the cracks in the partition against which my bed stood, played with a weird sort of light.

Try as I would, I could not keep my eyes from the wall. Did I close them, the next minute they would be again wide open.—Did I turn my head, I would be looking there again almost before I knew it. What I expected to see I hardly knew. Yet it came at last.

Suddenly upon the wall, where the light from the fire shone the brightest, there appeared the shadowy hand of a man clasping a long and deadly-looking knife.

For a moment my gaze was so riveted upon it that I could not turn my eyes; but a sound in the adjoining room broke the spell. Starting hastily up upon my elbow, I peered through the crack that was close to my head, and the sight that I beheld caused another thrill similar to that which the shadowy hand had given me. My host, with a long knife in his hand, was approaching on tip-toe the door which led to my room. It was the shadow of his uplifted hand that I had seen upon the wall.

That he had designs upon my life I could not doubt, and, thankful for the warning I had received, I prepared to meet him.—Noiselessly I crept from my bed, and, with my six-shooter in my hand, stationed myself at its foot. The door was noiselessly pushed open, and the would be murderer entered the room as silently as a phantom, and approached the bedside. His arm, with the deadly knife grasped in his hand, was held above the bed, and then it descended with a force that would have sent it through the body of a man, had one been lying there.

This was all I wanted. Surely, it was evidence enough to justify me in what I did.—I raised my arm and fired. With a groan the villian fell forward upon the couch where I had lain hardly a minute before.—With my finger still upon the trigger, should another shot be needed, I struck a match and lighted the candle; then, holding it out before me, I approached the bed. The villain lay motionless. My bullet had found a way through his heart.

You can imagine how the rest of the night passed to me. With the earliest dawn, I mounted my horse, and as good luck would have it, rode directly toward Silby, where I arrived in a couple of hours. I was not long in searching out the proper officers, to whom I told my story, and a little later I guided them back to the cabin, where they found all as I had stated it, and at once exonerated me from blame in causing the villain's death.

MODERN CRUSOES IN THE SOUTH SEA.—It is not often in the present day that one hears of a shipwrecked crew being cast upon a desert island and compelled to eke out a scanty subsistence as best they can for many months together, without ever seeing the face of a human being. As a matter of fact there are not many islands which can in any strict sense be termed desert, or which are not occasionally visited, or at any rate passed within hailing or signalling distance, by vessels of some sort. A Yankee commentator upon Defoe's immortal work lately observed that it would be out of place at the present time, and the incidents impossible of realization, as the first thing a nineteenth century Robinson Crusoe would do on landing would be to "wire" home for sufficient funds to bring him back. A genuine instance has, however, recently been brought to light of a crew of no less than thirty-three men who have been living for the last sixteen months or more upon an island in the South Seas, where they were as completely secluded from human observation, and as entirely thrown upon their own resources, as was Defoe's hero in the scene of his banishment. The American barque *Trinity*, which sailed from New London, in Connecticut, on June 1st, 1880, visited Heard's Island on a whaling and fishing cruise early in the following October. Here she remained until October 17th, when a fearful gale came on, which compelled the crew to abandon the ship and escape as best they could to the island in order to save their lives. No vessel of any kind visited Heard's Island, nor did any means of escape present itself, for sixteen months, until February 15th, 1882, when the United States steamer *Marion* happily appeared and took them off. Heard's Island, which is situated in latitude 53 S., and longitude 72 E., is perfectly uninhabited, although fortunately a few small huts have at different times been erected by whalers. The shipwrecked mariners are said to have suffered severely from the cold, during the two winters of their involuntary sojourn, and a couple of them were unhappily frozen to death while out in quest of provisions. Sea elephant, sea cabbage, and the eggs and flesh of the penguin, were all they had to live upon. Barring the isolation and the risk of being devoured by cannibals, Robinson Crusoe's exile would probably have been more tolerable than was that of the crew of the *Trinity*.

A CERTAIN young man brought his affianced down from the country to see the sights. One day while they were passing the confectioner's, the swain noticed in the window a placard, bearing the announcement. "Ice cream—$1 dollar per gal." "Well," said the young man, as he walked into the saloon, "that's a pretty steep price to charge for one gal, but Maria, I'll see you through, no matter what it costs. Here's a dollar, waiter; ice cream for this gal."

THE CONVICT'S ESCAPE.

AS TOLD BY A SAILOR IN "A SUMMER IN THE AZORES."

One day in March, 1868, while we was laying in port off Bunbury, in Western Australia, I was ashore; and I see a nice lookin' young fellow, about twenty-four years old, eyein' me pretty sharp. He was at work on a chain gang. Watchin' his chance, he says to me: "Are you the mate of that whaler?"

"Yes," says I.

Then says he, "Has the priest said anything to you about me?"

"No," says I.

"Well, he's going to," says he, and passed on quick.

The priest followed right along, and asked me if I'd ever seen that young man before.

"Never to my knowledge," says I.

Then he told me it was ———, a Fenian prisoner; that he had been confined in Dartmoor prison in England for seven months, and then sent to Australia for life; that he'd been there goin' on 'leven months, and wanted to get off. And the upshot of it was the priest offered me five hundred dollars to get him off.

I told him I didn't want his money. If he'd been a thief or murderer I wouldn't have tried to help him away; but I couldn't make out that he'd committed any crime, so the priest and I fixed it that the next day, when my ship was under way, I should pick him up in the yawl—and I did.

It beats all how quick everybody on board took to that fellow—he was so pleasant, and such a handsome young chap.

Well, it come August, we had to put into Rodrigues for water. It was that, or die of thirst.

By this time the news of ———'s escape had got ahead of us and was known all over the world. It was just before sunset when a boat from shore come alongside, and her officer boarded up.

——— was standin' just as near me as I be to you, when the officer up and says to me: "Have you got a man aboard by the name of ———?"

I kind of thought a minute—it seemed if 'twas about an hour—and I says, "No."—Says I, very quiet: "We did have a fellow aboard by the name of Brown, but he died two months ago at Java."

He looked at me a minute, then says he: "Well, you've got some ticket-of-leave men aboard, haven't you?"

I was mighty glad he asked me that; for I thought it would take his attention and give me a little time to think.

"I can't say as to that," says I.

"Well," says he, "call your men from forrard and we'll soon find out."

"No," says I; "I don't want nothing to do with that kind of business. You can look for yourselves if you like."

So he and his gang went forrard and hauled out the stowaways, and put 'em aboard their boat, and pulled ashore, appearin' to be satisfied.

As soon as they were gone, ———, half crazy, says to me: "My God! it's all up with me! What can I do? They'll come back for me, but I'll never be taken alive!"

I knew he meant what he said; for the priest had told me he'd tried to commit suicide, and, if he couldn't escape, had determined to kill himself. I calmed him down; told him to go below and keep out of sight, and I'd try to think up something; but says I: "You shan't be taken as long as I can stand by you.

I knew very well that as soon as they got ashore those ticket-of-leave men would blow on him; and I really didn't know what to do.

Things looked black.

By this time it got to be dark, and I sat down by myself to think. Then I remembered a kind of locker under the stairs, where the stewart sometimes kept the dishes he wasn't usin'. It was shet by pushin' one of the steps right over it. I knew they'd never find him there. Then I went to——— and told him to go and find a little grindstone there was on the ship, while I kep' the men busy forrard; when I come back I'd stop a spell and talk to the steward, and when he heard me talkin' he must throw the stone and his hat overboard, give a shriek and then run and stow himself in the locker.

When I come along back I stopped and says to the steward: "I don't know what will happen when those fellows come aboard to-morrow morning. ——— will never be taken alive. He'll kill some of them and kill hisself—he threatened to do it in Australia."

Just then I heard a great splash and a scream. "What's that?" says I.

"It's ———," says the steward, "he's thrown himself overboard."

Everybody heard it. The captain was off that day. I rushed aft, told the other officers, and ordered out the boats. The men felt terrible. Every one of them was fond of him. We got out our boats and swept that harbor for hours. I was the last boat in. When I got aboard I found the second mate leanin' over the ship's side, crying bitterly. "He's gone, poor fellow! Here's his hat," says he; "the men have just picked it up. We never shall see him again."

There wasn't a wink of sleep on board that night. The next morning I put the flag at half-mast. Everybody was solemn as death. ———'s wet hat lay on the hatchway. They all thought he was dead.

The captain came off to see what was the matter. I told him the story—how we heard the splash, got out the boats and picked up ———'s hat. Right in the midst of it the officer's from Rodrigues come aboard to claim their man. We told 'em the story, and showed 'em the wet hat. They never offered to search the vessel. They see how bad the men felt, and they believed it all and pulled off.

Late that afternoon we got our water all aboard and bore away to sea. I waited till we was almost out o' sight o' land; then I says to the captain: "I guess I'll go below and get a cigar." I went, and hauled the step away; and there was ———, all in a heap. I can see that fellow's face right before me now, white as chalk, eyes as black as night. He looked like a wild man.

"What now?" says he, trembling all over.

"Come out of that," says I.

"What do you mean?" says he.

"Don't stop to ask questions, man," says I. "Get out of that and come up; you're safe for this time. Land is almost out of sight."

He crawled out, and we went on deck together. "Now," says I, "go and shake hands with the captain."

I went to the side of the ship and stood there smoking, and pretendin' to be seauin' the horizon. I see the captain give one look at ———, a kind of scared look. He thought it was his ghost. Then he wrung ———'s hand, and burst out cryin' just like a baby. Pretty soon he looked at me. I never said a word.

A LIFE-SAVER'S TASK.

EFFORT TO RESTORE ANIMATION TO AN APPARENTLY DROWED LAD.

When a boy is nearly drowned, and is fished out within five or ten minutes, the fish market men, the fishing sailors and the spectators usually put an end to what little life is left in him by rolling him on a barrel. If people only knew how easy it is to restore an apparently drowned person who has not been in the water more than five or ten minutes' and how often a person may be brought back to life whose lungs have been filled with water for nearly half an hour, we should lose fewer lives by drowning in this island city.

A reporter was walking near Fulton Ferry a few days ago, in company of one of the officers attached to the Life-Saving Service. There was a rush of people to the Market slip, and the officer and reporter joined the crowd. The life-saving officer hurriedly elbowed his way till he was at the water's edge. Three of the fishing scooners were tied up at this part of the pier side by side, and on the deck of the third lay a naked boy apparently dead. Half a dozen market men and fishermen stood by, saying that the boy was dead, and that that was all there was of it. The life-saving officer sprang aboard the nearest schooner, and was immediately stopped by a policeman who was on guard—for the boy had been out of water some time.

The life-saver was soon on the deck on which the drowned boy lay. He felt the boy's skin, felt for his pulse, drew up one of his eyelids and looked at the pupil, and asked the bystanders how long the boy had been out of the water.

One of the men said: "He was stuck in the mud most ten minutes, and he's been layin' here ten minutes more."

The boy could not have been colder or more apparently lifeless if he had been dead for a week.

The officer opened the boy's mouth, an operation that required some force, and found it full of mud. Pulling the lower jaw down he introduced one of his fingers and carefully but quickly cleaned it out. There was enough mud in the mouth to choke the boy if he had not been in the water at all. The officer whisked off his coat, rolled it up into a pillow, and laid it on the deck. With the assistance of bystanders he turned the boy over on his face and laid him so that the pillow was directly under his stomach. Taking the boy's two ankles in one of his hands and giving them to one of the men to hold up so that the patient's feet were several feet higher than his head, the officer pressed carefully but firmly in the region of the small of the back, and immediately a stream of water gushed out of the boy's mouth. It had been all this time in his lungs, waiting only for proper treatment to help it out. The boy was then, after a minute or two of this exercise, turned over on his back again, and the officer knelt over him. Putting one hand on the boy's right side and the other on his left, just over what are known as the "short ribs" the officer gave them a powerful compression and then suddenly let go. The instant he took off his hands the ribs sprung back to their natural position, and a draught of air rushed into the lungs. This was repeated a dozen times, or more, but still the body was, to all appearance, a corpse.

"Oh, give us a rest on that," said another of the men. "The boy's dead, and that settles it. Can't you let a drowned boy alone?"

The assertion that the boy was dead seemed to be only too true! He looked like a piece of marble, and the reporter suggested that it was not worth while to make any further efforts.

"Why," said the officer, "I haven't begun yet. The boy may live and he may not. But he's going to have a fair chance for his life, anyhow. Stand back a little, all of you, and give him a little more air."

Discontinuing for a moment the artificial breathing process, the officer took one of the boy's hands between his own and began to slap it vigorously, at the same time setting three of the bystanders at the other hand and at the two feet. The reporter relieved the officer at the slapping business, and the latter resumed the rib-squeezing process, compressing the boy's frame till he must have cried for mercy if he had been conscious. With four men slapping his hands and feet, and an expert trying to start his breathing, the boy must have been unreasonable indeed had he been dissatisfied. But he still lay as dead as a stick, and happily unconscious.

After about five minutes of this treatment, very much to the surprise of the market men and the reporter, and greatly to the delight of the life-saving officer, the boy gave a slight gasp for breath.

"Get us a glass of brandy," the life saver said, and redoubled his artificial breathing treatment. One of the fishing sailors went down into the cabin and soon returned with a tumbler full of not very inviting looking brandy. The boy meanwhile gasped again, twitched a little in the legs, rolled his head to one side, and at length drew a good breath. The minute he breathed the officer picked up the glass of brandy and poured the liquid down the boy's throat.

"Now get me two or three blankets as quick as you can," he said, and at the same time he unrolled his coat and laid it over the boy. The patient continued to show more signs of life. He soon drew short but regular breaths, and raised one hand to his head. Under the influence of the warm brandy in his stomach and the fresh air in his lungs he opened one of his eyes.

"He is all right now," said the officer, getting up with difficulty and straightening the "kinks" out of his back. "Wrap him up well in these blankets and put him in a berth. Be sure you make his hands and feet warm. If you have a couple of empty bottles, fill them with warm water, cork them well and put them against his feet. In ten or fifteen minutes give him another glass of brandy. He will be able to talk to you inside of an hour and tell you where he lives. But he will probably be too weak to walk home; some of you will have to carry him. Come old fellow (to the reporter), let us go. There is nothing more for us to do."—*New York Mail and Express.*

THE head of a large business firm in Boston, who was noted for his keenness in discerning character, was seated at his desk one day, when a young Irish lad came up and took off his hat, smiling.

"Do you want a boy, sir?"

Mr. J. looked at him.

"I did not a minute ago. But I do now, and you are the boy."

He said afterwards that he was completely captured by the honest, frank, all-alive face before him. The boy entered his service, rose to be confidential clerk, and is now a successful merchant.

BOYS AND "BOYS."

It is Charles Dudley Warner, we believe, who urges that boys should be caught young, put in a barrel and fed through the bung-hole until they have arrived at years of discretion. And yet after many and forcible reasons for regarding boys as a blessing in disguise, and so well disguised as to be mistaken for something quite the contrary, most everybody will agree with the eulogy he pronounces upon the boys. "After all," he says, "there is something I like about a boy."

Boys are the terror of cats, their mothers and their elder sisters, but the cats would lead but a dull career without them; while a mother would scarcely know what life really is if she was freed from the constant anxiety she feels about her boys. What unruffled but unprofitable hours of lazy enjoyment would fall to the lot of elder sisters, were it not for their younger brothers. Sloth and ease and a mistaken belief that this world is not a world of annoyances and discomforts would enervate their characters. Boys make them feel that we are not put here simply to enjoy ourselves, but to develop our characters. So with teachers. What a monotonous existence would be theirs were it not for boys! A teacher of girls alone would mistake earth for paradise, and so not having any use for Heaven and not believing in any such place as a refuge from earthly miseries would never strive to get there. But a teacher of boys, every week looks forward to a better and brighter world, makes good use of Sunday in fitting himself for it, and in hoping that he will get there sometime, to make up for his trials here.

The ash man who should not get a snowball down his back; the rag peddler who never found the wheel of his cart suddenly coming off; the street car conductor who did not have to drive the boys from the rear platform; the passerby who did not get a base-ball in his abdomen or a bean in his ear: the nurse girl and her baby who were not scared out of their wits by the sudden rush of the velocipede upon their heels, would not enjoy their tranquil intervals of existence nor fully know the value of peace and happiness. So that after all boys are of very great use—especially as a discipline and a means of moral improvement; and they are not to be dispised, but rather to be cherished and loved, as they are very apt to be as soon as they have passed their eighteenth year.

But there are "boys" and boys—"boys" with a quotation mark and boys without.—It is the "boys" with these marks that do not deserve much charity, and do get but precious little liking and admiration. It is the "boys" with these marks that frequent drinking saloons, stand on the street corners, become rowdies at an early age, are riotous, foul-mouthed, violent and even bloodthirsty before they are twenty-one. This is the kind of "boys" that are entitled to the name. They become street roughs, if not burglars and highway robbers; or a dissipated, vicious, lewd and going to perdition in droves. It is gangs of this kind in large cities and on the frontiers, who are known as "boys" but who belie the name. A mean but true specimen of them are the Malley "boys"—young men well advanced in manhood, but covering up their debauchery, dissoluteness, riotous living, and even graver offenses, by pretending to the giddiness and thoughtfulness of boyhood. They have no claim to any such excuse or any such exemption. They are men mature in wickedness and crime, and cannot hide their sins under cover of boyish folly.

The same may be said of the "James boys" who long since arrived at mature life, and instead of being pushed into crime by the frolicsome impulsiveness suggested by the word "boys," long since resorted to robbery and murder as the business of life, not as the sport of irrepressible and hot-headed youths.

The politicians, too, love to hide their tricks and their games with the public service by pretending in a jocose and lightsome way that it is the "boys" who are really responsible for the evil deeds of caucuses and conventions, of wire-pulling and political deviltry generally. They imagine it softens the offense if they assume that it is the "boys" who must be looked after and looked to for the wrong-doing in politics, whereas the majority of these "boys" are gray with the many years they have given to learning and practicing their contemptible political frauds and maneuvers. No, in justice to the real boys, whose youth excuses much because it is "their nature to," the "boys" of the street-corners, the frontier, and the political managers ought to have the name taken from them.

WANTED.—A clergyman who can preach three sermons consecutively without mentioning Galilee.

A man who will refrain from calling his friend's speech a "happy effort."

A woman who remembers last Sunday's text, but is unable to speak understandingly of the trimmings on the bonnet of the lady in the pew next in front.

An editor who never feels pleased to have his good things credited, or mad when they are stolen.

A pencil that is always in the first pocket you put your hand into.

A man who has been a fool some time during his life, and knows enough to keep the knowledge of it to himself.

A married man who does not think all the girls envy his wife the prize she has captured.

A married woman who never said, "No wonder the girls don't get married nowadays; they are altogether different from what they were when I was a girl."

An unmarried woman who never had an offer.

A man who never intimated that the economies of the universe were subject to his movements, by saying, "I knew if I took an umbrella it wouldn't rain," or some similar asinine remark.

A pocket-knife that is never in "them other pants."

A mother who never said she "would rather do it myself" when she should have taught her child to do that thing.

A father who never forgets that his duties to his children are as many and as weighty as theirs to him.

A child who would rather not eat between meals than at meals.

A converted brother who does not exaggerate his forsaken wickedness when relating his experience.

A person—age or sex immaterial—who does not experience a flush of pride upon being thought what he is not and may never hope to be.

A woman who when caught in her second-best dress will make no apology for her dreadful appearance.

FROM WHITE TO BLACK.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF A MAN AFFICTED WITH A RARE AND STRANGE DISEASE—CHANGES IN COLOR AND ASTONISHES THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

One of the most remarkable cases ever known to the medical profession is that of S. H. Robison, of Greenville, Ohio, who, since November last has changed in color until he is as dark as a native of Africa. The peculiar and very rare disease known as melanosis, with which Robison is afflicted, has brought him into prominence, so that physicians are going from all parts of the country to see him. Bunnell, the New York museum man, has made him an offer, which his declining health will not permit him to accept. Among the numerous physicians of prominence to give attention to the case is Dr. W. H. Falls, of this city, who returned from Greenville yesterday, and was seen in the evening by an *Enquirer* reporter. "It is certainly one of the most singular and remarkable cases on record," said the doctor when first approached. Dr. Falls, after shewing the reporter a number of photographs of the patient taken recently, proceeded to describe the case from the beginning. S. H. Robison was born in Greenville, August 31, 1854, of white parents, being the eldest son of H. Luther and Lavina Robison. He is, as was his father, a carpenter by trade. He is married and has one young child. Last November the sight of his eye became impaired, and about the first of March his right eye became entirely blind. On the 10th of March he came to Cincinnati to be treated by Drs. Williams and Ayres. About that time small lumps about the size of a millet seed began to develop on various parts of his body, and he mentioned his condition to the physicians. In April, while in this city, he commenced to change in color, assuming an ashen hue. The lumps on his body grew larger and more numerous. He was then attended by Dr. Falls, who, after a careful examination, pronounced his disease to be melanosis. This disease is very rare, especially in this country, and Dr. Falls can recall but one other case, which was in New York in 1875, and attended by Dr. L. D. Bulkley. Melanosis consists of small tumors or cancers of a black substance all over the body. It is a fatal disease, but generally does not affect the appearance of the body like the case in question. Several cases are reported from abroad similar to that of Robison. One worthy of special mention came under the attention of the famous Dr. Lawrence, of St. Bartholomew's hospital, London, in 1864. One of the lumps on Robison was removed by Drs. Falls and Mussey and examined by Professor Rebbert, of the Miami Medical college, who found it to be positively melanosis, or black cancer. Robison, who was a fine-looking fellow, with skin and complexion as light as the whitest man, continued to change in color, and now he is as black as coal. Doctors Williams and Ayres said he suffered from detachment of the rectina, due to the deposit of the black cancers or nodules in smaller form within the coats of the eye. After the case had been thoroughly studied the physicians pronounced Robison hopelessly blind. Doctors Carson, Clendenin and others have spent much time with Robison, and, like all others, they pronounce it a most remarkable case.

Returning to his home, Robison continued to grow worse. The nodules on his body now number about seven hundred, and are about the size of a bean. The sight of his right eye is entirely gone. Just recently every portion of the man's body that was red has turned black. The inside of his lips and tongue are black. What he spits from his mouth is of the same color.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

REALLY WONDERFUL EARS.—Willie Lester, aged 10 years, lives with his father on the Wea Plains, near Layfayette, Indiana. His right ear is as large as a palm leaf fan, while the other is no bigger than the ear of an ordinary-sized wax doll. With his small ear he can hear the faintest buzzing of the smallest bugs and insects, and even detect sounds uttered by the minutest animalcule—so small that they are not visible to the naked eye. A fly running across the window-pane, a caterpillar crawling across a sheet of paper makes a sufficient noise to attract his attention, even when his back is turned. The sense of hearing is so acute in this ear that it is absolutely painful to him, and he is comp

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - AUG 4, 1882.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR.
ROBT E. PATTISON, of Philad'a.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.
CHAUNCEY F. BLACK, of York.

FOR JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT.
SILAS M. CLARK, of Indiana.

FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon.

FOR CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE.
MORTIMER F. ELLIOTT, of Tioga.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR, on Tuesday last, returned to Congress with his vete the nineteen millions River and Harbor swindle. It was the most infamous, corrupt and indefensible measure of the kind that ever passed the American Longress, and Mr. Arthur will receive the thanks of every honest man in the country for preventiug a gang of log rolling plunderers in Congress from literally robbing the treasury to promote their own political interests,

GEN. BEAVER makes a sorry spectacle of himself when he boasts in his speeches on the stump, as he recently did at Bristol, in Bucks county, that his majority will not be less than *fifty thousand*. Is he so completely the victim of a delusion as to suppose that he can deceive intelligent men with such airy nonsense, in the face of the fact that his party in this State is split, as by a wedge, into two separate and distinct parts? Gen. Beaver is known to be a strict temperance man, otherwise such a preposterous claim would admit of but one explanation. It is an old adage, however, that a drowning man will catch at a straw.

EVERY reader of a newspaper is aware of the wretched existence which the Emperor of Russia is compelled to lead to escape the plots against his life by the Nihilists, but it seems strange to learn from the English journals that when the Queen came to London from Windsor Castle with her daughter Beatrice, and drove from the railway station to Buckingham Palace, the authorities considered it necessary to line the whole road with policemen, stationed at from twenty to thirty yards apart, "for the protection of her Majesty." No person was permitted on the platform at the station except the officials of the railway. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

IN another part of our paper will be found the correspondence between a majority of the members of the Schuylkill county bar and Judge Pershing, in relation to the President Judgeship of that county, and of Judge Pershing becoming a candidate for re-election without regard to the action of any political party. There is, perhaps, no county in the State in which election results are more uncertain than in Schuylkill, owing to the mixed character of its population. We have very good reasons, however, to believe that although a strong effort will be made to defeat Judge Pershing by the nomination of either John W. Ryon or James B. Reilly, both Democrats and both ex-Congressmen, he will receive the support of a decided majority of the people of the county. His old friends in Cambria, which was his home when he was elected President Judge ten years ago, will be especially gratified to hear that the people of Schuylkill have shown their approbation of his able and upright career on the bench which he possesses the ability to dignify and adorn by his triumphant election

THE *Catholic Universe*, published at Cleveland, Ohio, appeared on Thursday of last week in a suit of new and elegant type, thereby greatly improving even its former fresh and attractive appearance. The *Universe* under the management of its accomplished editor and our esteemed friend, Mr. Manly Tello, occupies a deservedly high rank in journalism, and although, as its title indicates, it is in a general sense the organ of a particular Church, it is a literary paper of exceptional taste and rare merit. Its editor always calls things by their right name —wields a caustic pen, but never at the expense of his self-respect—knows no such word as *fear*, and in his recent controversy with the fanatical Cleveland *Leader* touching the differences between Bishop Gilmour, of that city, and the Ladies' Land League of his diocese, as well as in other matters of a more personal nature, Mr. Tello displayed rare ability, skill and judgment, and bravely maintained all the positions he assumed, A Manly man in name as well as in nature is the editor *Universe*, and it is scarcely necessary to add that he and his excellent journal have our best wishes for their continued success, prosperity and usefulness.

ROBERT E. PATTISON was a trifle over ten years old when the civil war broke out, and wasn't a legal voter until six years after Lee's surrender at Appomattox. There is nothing of importance in either of these two incidents of his life, and yet the Johnstown *Tribune*, in referring to the presence last week at the large encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Gettysburg of Gen. Beaver and Brosius, the Cameron candidate for Congressman-at-Large, spits its harmless venom at Mr. Pattison because he "had a father to "born him" down South (Maryland), and of course it would not be agreeable for him to go to Gettysburg and hear the Grand Army boys rehearse their achievement over his Southern brethern on that field." Such is the estimate by the *Tribune* of the kind of man a candidate for Governor of this State ought to be. Is it a necessary qualification in a candidate for Governor that he was in the army and now is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic? The *Tribune* virtually says so, but nine-tenths of the people of the State think otherwise. To have been in the war, and even to have lost a leg, do not, of themselves, qualify a man for said office, and this is especially true in Beaver's case, who lost all the credit he acquired as a soldier by his cowardly betrayal of the wishes of his constituents at the Chicago convention, because Boss Cameron demanded that he should do so.

IT is well known that after Governor Hoyt's election in 1878, Tom Cooper, now chairman of Cameron's State Committee, laid his plans to become Hoyt's successor, and that he continued to work up his chances until he learned the fact at the Chicago convention that Cameron had designated Beaver for the place as a reward for the latter's desertion of Blaine. Cooper makes public proclamation against Robert E. Pattison, the Democratic candidate for Governor, because he was born in Maryland and as he could find no other flaw in Pattison's life or character, he appeals to the people to vote against him because he is not a native of Pennsylvania. This suggests the question, where was the would-be Governor of Pennsylvania, Thomas V. Cooper, born? The question is easily answered, and ought to cause Cooper's cheek to blush with shame at his own brazen hypocrisy, if he is capable of blushing, which is denied by those who knew him best.

In the Biographical Encyclopedia of Pennsylvania, issued by the Galaxy publishing Co., in 1874, may be found the following:

"Thos. V. Cooper, journalist and State Senator, was born in Cadiz, Ohio, January, 16, 1835."

In Smull's Legislative Hand Book for 1881, among the biographies of the present State Senators, the following may be found:

"Thomas Valentine Cooper, Delaware county, was born at Cadiz, Jefferson county, Ohio, January 16, 1835."

We thus have a man born in Ohio, and, until Cameron told him to hush up, seeking the Republican nomination for Governor of this State, now assailing Mr. Pattison, because it became a necessity that he should be born in the State that gave birth to Charles Carroll, "of Carrollton. Was there ever in political warfare anything lower, meaner, or more disreputable than this? But this is not all. Cooper and the Cameron clan are supporting William T. Davies, the present State Senator from Bradford county, for Lieutenant Governor, Where was Davies born? In the same Legislative Hand Book above referred to, it it is stated as follows:

"William T. Davies, Bradford county, was born in Glamorganshire, Wales, December 29, 1831," etc.

If the Cameron State ticket should be elected and Beaver, should die, Davies would become his successor for the unexpired term. Cooper knows this, and yet he supports Davies, who is a Welshman, and might possibly become Governor, if Beaver was elected, while he asks the people to vote against Pattison, who was born in another State just over the Pennsylvania line. The Democratic party, to its immortal honor be it said, never yet attempted to persecute a candidate for office on account of his religion or the place of his birth. That mode of warfare is the cherished resort of such arrant demagogues as Cooper and a few Republican papers whose editors abet him in his dirty work.

IT was a foregone conclusion that when the Independent Republican State Committee would meet in Philadelphia on yesterday week, to take into consideration the four propositions of the Cameron-Beaver State Committee looking to an adjustment of the differences that have split the Republican party into two hostile and warring factions, each and every one of the proposed terms of peace and reconciliation would be rejected. This was the decision reached by the Committee after a brief session and some discussion of the situation from an Independent standpoint, and their chairman, McKee was directed to inform Cooper, chairman of Cameron's Committee, of the result. Does this at last close the door to all efforts at compromise, and will the Cameron and anti-Cameron factions war against each other until the campaign is ended? The latter conclusion is sustained by the present aspect of the quarrel and is accepted very generally by the Republicans throughout the State. There is, of course, a bare possibility that the Cameron lion and the Independent lamb may yet lie down together in loving embrace, but the chances of such an event taking place are so remote that they are not worth wasting time in their consideration. Nor would it, in our opinion, affect the result of the election for Governor if the two Republican factions should hereafter become reconciled. The difference between them are fundamental, the lines are clearly drawn, and as a house divided against itself cannot stand, the conclusion is as plain as any proposition in mathematics, that the 'grand old party' in this State is doomed to defeat in November. The simple question with the Independent Republicans is, does Cameron and his understrappers own the Republican party, or do the Republicans own it themselves? The outcome of an issue of that kind does not admit of any doubt.

THE English holders of Virginia State bonds held a meeting in London not long since and decided to address a memorial to President Arthur drawing his attention to the facts attending the repudiation of the solemn obligations of Virginia by the Legislature, and praying the assistance of the Federal Government to enable the bondholders to vindicate their claim to be reimbursed for their advances. It is fair to assume that these London bondholders, in deciding to send this appeal to Mr. Arthur to save them from the repudiation projects of Mahone and his gang of freebooters had before them his letter accepting the nomination for Vice President, in which the following famous paragraph occurs:

"There is danger in intrusting the control of the whole law-making power of the Government to a (Democratic) party which has in almost every Southern State, repudiated obligations quite as sacred as those to which the faith of the nation now stands pledged."

Thus wrote Chester A. Arthur when he was a candidate for the Vice Presidency, but no sooner did he become President than he began to use the official patronage of his position to strength en Mahone in Virginia and enable him to build up a party avowedly pledged to repudiate her State debt. It is the darkest spot on Arthur's career as President and one that can never be washed out. So far as the bondholders are concerned, they might just as well have addressed their memorial to Mahone himself, instead of to Arthur. Their appeal would receive the same attention from the former as from the latter.

Look on This Picture—Then on That.

PATTISON'S RECORD.

When Robert E. Pattison, the Democratic nominee for Governor, entered the Controller's office in Philadelphia in 1878, the debt of the city was over seventy-three millions of dollars, and for ten years prior to that the average yearly increase of the debt had been $3,622,405. The cost of the departments for the four years prior to his election averaged $9,314,586, and the tax rate ranged from 2.15 to 2.25 on an ascending scale, During the first year of his incumbency, the debt had been reduced five millions; the cost of the departments had averaged $7,019,051, and the tax rate has ranged from 2.15 to 1.95, on a descending scale, the rate for 1883 being still less, 1.90. The Controller could truthfully say in his last annual report:

The burdens of the taxpayers are being lightened, increased encouragement is given for the employment of capital within its limits, and an auspicious beginning is being made to free the second city in the Union in population, and the first in industrial enterprise, from taxation for indebtedness."

We guess the people will accept this achievement in lieu of a long letter of acceptance, or the pledges and promises which Gen Beaver finds necessary to make wherever he goes.—*Pittsburg Post.*

BEAVER'S RECORD.

Beaver's record is simply nothing; he has never held a public office whatever, great or small. His ability as an administrator, and his capacity to discern between public duty and private interest are both reflected discreditably in his direction of the wasteful and worthless "State College of Pennsylvania," located near his home. This institution, having received large grants of money directly from the State, has been endowed, besides, with the half million dollars derived from the United States lands, and with this liberal—under the circumstances, is may be called lavish—aid, has been an eyesore of failure and a reproach to every intelligent man who knew its record. But Gen. Beaver, putting his local interests against those of the people of the commonwealth, has used his personal and political influence to retain for the absurd "college" the continued expenditure of the State's money. One of his eulogists says that since 1874, when he was elected president of the board of trustees, "he has devoted much of his time to the interests of the institution." This is, doubtless, a fact; but if evidence of General Beaver's capacity as a civil administrator is to be sought in his direction of this "college"—the only thing that appears to try him by—the showing in his behalf is bad, indeed.—*Phila. American (Rep.)*

JUDGE PERSHING'S POPULARITY.—The following is the letter addressed by a large number of leading members of the Schuykill county bar to Hon. C. L. Pershing, President Judge of the courts of that county, and his reply, of which brief mention was made in our last issue:

DEAR SIR: The undersigned members of the bar, recognizing the ability, diligence and impartiality that you have displayed in the discharge of your duties as President Judge of this judicial district, respectfully request that you permit your name to be presented to the people for re-election to the position which you have so acceptably filled during the last ten years. We believe that the judicial office should be above all partisanship, and that as the people's candidate, irrespective of the action of all political conventions, your services in behalf of the community, by which peace and good order to an extent never before known have been secured throughout the entire county, will meet with grateful recognition.

This letter was signed by fifty-four attorneys. Judge Pershing made the following reply, unper date of July 20:

GENTLEMEN: I am in receipt of your communication requesting me to permit my name to be presented to the people of Schuylkill county for re-election to the office of President Judge. Many citizens throughout the county have orally or in writing made the same request. As this meets in full harmony with my own wishes on the subject I herewith give my consent and refer the question to the people in the exercise of their individual rights or action through such political organizations as they may prefer for their decision at the ballot-box. I cordially subscribe to the doctrine that judicial office should be above all partisanship, and have faithfully endeavored during the time I have acted as President Judge to carry out this principle in its integrity. I am pleased to note that your communication is signed by gentlemen of prominence in each of the existing political parties. Should the voters of Schuylkill county again honor me with a majority of their suffrages I shall regard it especially obligatory on me to devote my time and what ability I may possess to the discharge of the responsible duties of the trust. Coming among the people of this county ten years ago an entire stranger to them I entered on the judicial office under peculiar embarrassments. Time and acquaintance have to a great extent removed these out of the way. The experience gained by these years of hard labor should and I have no doubt will the better qualify me hereafter for an intelligent and impartial service on the bench. Thanking you for the very flattering terms in which you have addressed me, I am, etc.

THE BOSS MACHINE TACTICS.—There is no law against President Arthur and Senator Cameron tendering the English mission to John Stewart, in the hope of demoralizing the independent movement by the retirement of its chief candidate; but if they had even a moderate degree of common sense, they wouldn't go woolling in that silly way when they are certain to come home very closely sheared.

It's likely John Stewart wouldn't accept the English Mission if tendered to him under circumstances which respected his integrity; but it is absolutely certain as all would know who knows anything of his qualities, that he would resist the tender of any position from Arthur and Cameron, under existing circumstance, as an insult to his manhood.

It is announced that the whole patronage and power of the Arthur administration is to be at the disposal of Senator Cameron for the purpose of tempting and demoralizing the independents of Pennsylvania. This is in harmony with Boss machine tactics, and it has worked well in many contests, but the Boss never had an organized and earnest Independent Republican party to experiment on before, and they will speedily learn that the more offices they offer as bribes to the Independents, the thicker the woods will be with Independents.

The machine followers need all the spoils they have to divide, and they may as well part them at home where they will do the most good.—*Phil'a Times.*

GET EVERY MAN INTO LINE,—After twenty years of continuous defeats the heroic fortitude, perseverance and patriotism of the Democratic party are about to be rewarded by victory. Every one who wishes to join in its honor and triumph must be enrolled in its ranks. The demoralization and divided ranks of our antagonists place a brilliant victory clearly within our reach. Let us grasp it.

It is now in the power of the Democracy to wrest the government from the hand of the spoiler and restore the administration to its original purity, efficiency and honor. The celebration of this victory in November will fill the country with satisfaction and enthusiasm. Those who prepare themselves to vote and actively aid in accomplishing the victory will be honored guests at the celebration.

To make sure of this participation every man should see that he is duly registered before Thursday, Sept. 7th Neglect of this may prove fatal.—*Uniontown Democrat.*

Time and Expense Saved.

Hard workers are subject to bilious attacks which may end in dangerous illness. Parker's Ginger Toule keeps the kidneys and liver active, and by preventing the attack saves sickness, time and expense.—*Detroit Prest.*

"TO THEIR SATISFACTION."

In his letter of acceptance, Robert E. Pattison, Democratic candidate for Governor, makes use of the following words: "I accept the nomination for Governor. and, if chosen for the office by the people, I will strive to perform its duties to their satisfaction."

He will perform the duties of his office to the satisfaction of the people. These are golden words. How long has it been since a candidate for Governor, of either party, made use of them in accepting his nomination? So long ago, in fact, that we do not remember to have read them before. Letters of acceptance are generally drawn up on the regulation style, and couched in language to suit the party leaders. It is the rule, and the exceptions are few and far between, that public offices of all grades, from President down to tide-waiter, are administered in the *interest* of the man who holds it for the time being, of the bosses who nominated him, or in the interest of the party he represents. Of late years, the Republicans leaders have taught the people that offices are no longer places of public trust, but a reward for party services. and the mere idea that the people at large, the taxpayers who pay the salary, have any interest in the way the office is administered is considered a ridiculous fiction. But Mr. Pattison's letter of acceptance enunciates a new doctrine. It distinctly recognizes the power of the people, that the offices belong to them, and, in case of his election, he pledges himself to administer his high trust to their *satisfaction*, and in their interest. This is coming down to what may be termed political hard-pan, and announces the great principle that in this country the government must be a "government for the people, of the people and by the people."

What a magnificent declaration this is to start out with in a political campaign! There never was a clearer recognition of the source of all political power. When Governor Pattison is approached by a boss, or a party manager, and asked to switch off the ship of State and run it in his interest, he has but to hold up his letter of acceptance, as he says he cannot, and show his pledge that he is *bound* to administer the government to the people's satisfaction. Well done, Pattison! You have a clear idea of the true inwardness of office holding, and the people can trust you with political power. If Beaver have any idea of office holding, above administering to the satisfaction of the bosses, let him stand up and answer,

CHAIRMAN COOPER has been boasting gleefully that the Labor-Greenback ticket can be manipulated to help Beaver, To a newspaper reporter the other day he declared Armstrong's support will be drawn mainly from the Democrats. In 1878 Quay played that game successfully He hired men to organize Greenback lodges and paid his agents to get Democrats to vote the third ticket while their Republican associates, by prearrangement, voted for Hoyt. That scheme succeeded because it was worked secretly. The plot to betray the Labor cause this year has been exposed. The honest candidates and leaders in that cause will not allow themselves to be sold out.

The laboring men of Assembly 64 of the Knights of Labor, of Philadelphia, have declared as follows:

WHEREAS, It has been rumored that attempts have been made and are being made in certain sections of the State to purchase the votes of members of Knights of Labor organizations in the interest of a certain political party; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Assembly 64, Knights of Labor, do hereby protest against all such attempts as prejudicial to the honor of our order, to the cause of free labor and good government.

Resolved, That we advise all true Knights of Labor thoughout the State of Pennsylvania to repudiate and spurn all unholy advances from the paid emissaries of political managers of whatever party, to the end that no stigma shall attach to our order or to the cause for which we are organized.

If Democratic leaders and newspapers all over the State properly sound the alarm the "paid emissaries" who are making the "unholy advances" will be scared off. Political tricks and chicanery need concealment and hide in darkness. Publicity and exposure wither them. Wherever it is sought to buy, bribe or bulldoze the laboring men let the bribers and bulldozers be exposed.

IT is charged in Washington, says the Philadelphia *Times*, that Hubbell is spending too much of the money contributed by clerks and scrub-women to secure the renomination of Keifer and Robeson. This is the natural Stalwart use of the money, but it is not exactly the use designed by the contributors, very few of whom would care to see either Keifer or Robeson returned. It will be calculated to make a disturbance if this campaign fund is to be used in this way, to secure the nomination of Scalwart favorites instead of being reserved to aid the election of Republican candidates, regardless of faction. The machine, however, understands itself, and it not only wants to get Republicans, but prefers to get the Stalwart kind.

HAY FEVER.

For twenty-five years I have been severely afflicted with Hay Fever. While suffering intensely I was induced, through Mr. Pichenor's testimonial, to try Ely's Cream Balm. The immediate effect was marvelous. I have been enabled to perform my pastoral duties without the slightest inconvenience. Have been exposed to heat, draughts and dust and have escaped a return attack. I pronounce Ely's Cream Balm a cure for Hay Fever. WILLIAM T. CARR, Presbyterian Pastor, Elizabeth, N. J.

MESSRS. MILLS & LACEY, Grand Rapids, Mich.—Dear Sirs: Having used Ely's Cream Balm for Hay Fever, and experienced great relief from its use, I most cordially recommend it as the best of all the many remedies I have tried. Yours, &c., T. B. JENKS, Lawyer. Price 50 cents.

APPLY INTO NOSTRILS WITH FINGER.

THE following circular, says the Philadelphia *Times*, has not yet been issued by Field Marshall Cooper's State Committee, but it is expected to appear in a few days:

HEADQUARTERS REPUBLICAN STATE COMMITTEE.
[No. 967.] PHILADELPHIA, July 27, 1882.

Pennsylvanians! man your outposts! A desperate effort is being made by the combined Democrats and Independents to elect a man of Maryland birth Governor of Pennsylvania.

Shall such thing be? Forbid it, honest yeomanry of Pennsylvania.

Pattison was born on foreign State soil in Maryland; Beaver was born in Pennsylvania. As you love patriotism and your homes, let none but Pennsylvanians be elected to Pennsylvania offices.

THOMAS V. COOPER, Chairman.

Native of Cadiz, Ohio; late candidate for Governor and present State Senator.

HARD LUMPS IN BREAST.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I wrote you some time ago that I thought I had a cancer. There was a large lump in my breast as large as a walnut, and had been there four months. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," "Favorite Prescription" and "Pellets" in June, and the lump is gone. Yours gratefully,
MRS. R. R. CLARK, Irvington, Mich.

—Being called to save the life of a woman who had been given up to die, a Philadelphia physician refused to write a prescription until his fee of $2 had been paid. As the money was not forthcoming he left the house, and she died soon after. A simple antidote would have been enough at that time, but an hour or two afterward, when she was taken to the hospital, it was too late.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cts. per box. For sale by E. James, sole agent, Ebensburg, Pa. [5-9.-1y.]

THE President has got through with the River and Harbor bill. He vetoed it.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—There is a tannery in Reading which has been in operation one hundred and thirty years.

—Weak muscles and nerves, sluggishness of thought and inactivity, cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

—Annie Parnell's remains have been embalmed, and will be sent to Ireland by the Land League.

—For lame back, side, or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. At James' drug store.

—Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. At James' drug store.

—Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. At James' drug store.

—Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. At James' drug store.

—An Allentown dog makes himself useful by eating potato bugs and keeping a large tract of potatoes free from these pests.

—Wm. Castner and wife, of Phillipsburg, N. J., are enjoying their honeymoon at Williamsport. The groom is 18 and the bride 30.

—In Montreal, the crown of the head of the statue of Lord Nelson, some sixty feet from the ground, was sliced off by the lightning.

—Miss Nellie Piper, of Clinton township, Centre county, was the only assistant her brother had in harvesting seventy-five acres of grain.

—John T. Waters, colored, aged 47 years, while loading cotton on a wagon at Baltimore, on Friday, fell to the street and broke his neck.

—Annie Williams, of Uhrichsville, O., aged 14, while picking berries on Sunday was scared by something unknown, which drove her crazy.

—Hannah Brown, of Chester county, one hundred and three years old, is able to get around quite lively and has all her faculties except hearing.

—The 5-year-old daughter of W. E. Shaner, living in Boyersford, has been committed to the Norristown Insane Asylum as a dangerous lunatic.

—One hundred and fifty deaths from lockjaw have rewarded the statistical researches of a Chicago physician into the Fourth of July toy-pistol habit.

—Thomas O'Leary and Timothy Breen sought shelter from a thunder storm under a tree in West Roxbury, Mass., on Friday, and were killed by lightning.

—Near Danbury, N. C., a diamond valued at $7,000 was found in the bed of a creek by Mr. James Pepper. Several diamonds have already been found in the State.

—Abraham F. Reeser, of Reading, who is 44 years of age, has been injured during his life in fifteen accidents of different kinds, and yet enjoys excellent health.

—Mrs. Catherine Albert, the oldest inhabitant of Coshocton county, and probably the oldest citizen of Ohio, died Wednesday night at her home, near Bakersville, at the age of 109 years.

—An enterprising Frenchman has taken to raising mushrooms in the darkness of the Mammoth Cave. The experiment produced forty pounds of the finest quality of the edible variety.

—Dr. Hostetter, of stomach bitters fame, is reported during the past few months to have unloaded at a heavy loss nearly 1,000,000 pounds of coal, which cost him from $1 to $1.50 per barrel.

—During the twenty-four hours ending at noon on Monday there were 138 deaths in New York city from heat. During the afternoon and evening quite a cool and refreshing breeze was blowing.

—Rev. Father Cunnane, of Newport, Md., finding that no one would bury the body of a small boy with clubs feet, hung and bandaged the corpse in the coffin, and alone and unaided performed all the burial rites.

—Uncle Seth Parmalee, an old settler and noted character in Tazewell county, Ill., died on Wednesday night, aged 86 years. He lived in the county 46 years, and leaves 75 children and children's children.

—A man named Young and his son, living in Geneseo, New York, quarreled a day or two ago as to their respective merits as fighters, and after one short round the old man was carried home with two broken ribs.

—John Annwender, Gus. Leucher and Braze Simon sat down on the railway track near Jamestown, N. Y., and were struck by a passing train. Annwender and Leucher were killed. Simon was severely injured.

—It is expected that on the day when General Hancock reviews the 7,000 militiamen who are to go into camp at Lewistown on August 5th, about 40,000 people will come in from the surrounding country to see him.

—It was thought safe to confine John Prindell and W. J. Clarke, a cripple, in the same cell of Bridewell Prison at Chicago, but in the night Prindell arose, unbuckled Clarke's wooden leg and beat him to death with it.

—A good farm in Indiana has been allowed to run to weeds for five years, because of a belief that it is under the curse of a former owner, whose ghost walks the fields by night, and would make it unpleasant for a tenant.

—Robinson Williams, of Schuylkill county, went to gather huckleberries and was found dead on the mountain. He was seventy years of age and very wealthy, and created a sensation some time ago by marrying a young girl.

—John F. Hecker & Co.'s Croton Flour Mills, corner of Cherry and Pike streets, New York city, together with three tenement houses and a stable, were destroyed by fire on Monday last. The loss is estimated at about $100,000.

—A marriage at Cobb, Wis., was between a widow, aged 72, and her adopted son, aged 23. Her first husband had on his death bed advised the match, as the means of preventing the raising of certain legal questions regarding his estate.

—Two hundred refugees were saved during the bombardment of Alexandria in the Catholic chapel by the ingenuity of the Arab doorkeeper, who told the soldiers that the place was empty, and there was nothing to steal or he would have taken it himself.

—During the temporary absence of Marie Eppolice from her apartment at 25 Roosvelt street, New York, on Sunday, fire started and two children were burned to death. The mother, being informed of the calamity, swooned and now lies in a critical condition.

—While sitting in the crotch of a tree sawing of a limb, William Hardy, of Saginaw, Ala., met with a singular accident. Just as the limb fell the crotch split and Hardy fell into the opening, where he was clamped as if in a vice. His ribs were broken and he was released with great difficulty.

—Miss Maggie Chestnut and a little daughter of Mrs. John Babbitt while bathing in the river at St. John, N. B., on Saturday, got beyond their depth. Mrs. Babbitt rushed in to save and succeeded in rescuing her child. She returned for Miss Chestnut, when both were drowned.

—Jennie Meyers, aged 17 years, of Roup Station, near Pittsburg, pushed her mother and sister from a railroad track upon which the three were walking on Friday and saved them from an approaching train. The heroine herself, however, was not near her life, as she was caught by the engine and crushed to death.

—At Frankfort, Ky., Sunday, Chas. Price was fatally shot at the door of his house by his neighbor, Frank Stanley. Stanley had just been informed of an attempted outrage by Price upon his (Stanley's) daughter, and the shooting was to revenge this injury. Price's little girl was also dangerously wounded by one of Stanley's balls.

—During a thunder shower on Friday afternoon at Medway, Mass., a wood-shed near the house of Patrick Casey, in which several women and children had taken shelter, was struck by lightning, and two of Casey's children, a boy and a girl, were killed. One other child was seriously, though not fatally, injured, and a fourth was slightly affected on one side.

—By the upsetting of a carriage in Southington, Conn., recently the young son of Orlando Whitney, of Darien, had his neck broken. The effect was not instantly fatal, and Dr. Russell, of New Haven, succeeded in resetting the neck and saving the child's life. The boy's body was incased in a plaster of Paris cast to insure rigidity, and he is now progressing favorably.

—James Generals, the oldest colored man in Wilkes-Barre, was honored not many months ago by the attentions of a lot of ghouls who insured his life in a number of the "death-rattle" insurance companies to the amount of $200,000. James was so old that no one could tell his age, but he had enough vitality to outlive all the companies in which he was insured.

—There appear to have been two heroes after all at Alexandria. They were a Belgian Catholic priest, Pere Guillaume, and a French Lazarist, Frere Mivielle, whom neither the terrors of the tremendons English bombs thrown into the unoffending and practically defenceless city, nor the fury of the maddened Alexandrian mob could deter from their quiet and patient work of succoring the wounded and saving those who were ready to perish.

—One of the saddest and most singular cases of insanity has just occurred in Guernsey county, Ohio. Mrs. C. Hess some time ago began acting and talking in a strange manner about some parties kidnapping her children, and as time wore on she became more and more impressed with the horrible idea that her darlings would be stolen from her, and the terrible thought so preyed upon her mind that she became hopelessly insane. She will be conveyed to the asyium at once, and it is hoped she may speedily recover.

—On the 7th of July Guy Smith, the 12-year-old son of Milton Smith, living near Kirkwood, Mo., quarreled with his brother Louis and his father gave them both a whipping. Guy got a shotgun, returned to the kitchen, where his father was, and emptied one barrel of the gun into his body, inflicting a wound from which he died in a few hours. Guy was arrested and tried for murder and on Saturday last found guilty. He will probably be sentenced to death.

—The Milwaukee *News* says that the serious illness of Miss Effie Stowell, daughter of Mayor Stowell, is announced. The young lady is suffering from a peculiar malady. She can see distinctly three objects where there actually is but one. Since Saturday last she has slept continuously without awaking, except when aroused by some one. When awake she is bright and talkative, but soon relapses into sleep again when left to herself. She has been ill two years.

—On Saturday afternoon John Harter, of the St. Charles hotel, Steubenville, O., becoming enraged at Dr. Johnson, a boarder in the hotel, sought to attack him in his rooms. Harter's father endeavored to pacify him, whereupon John drew a revolver on his father, a younger brother, named Ed., rushed between them and received the bullet in the left breast, killing him instantly. A bystander, named Josiah Salmon, tried to take the pistol from John, and was shot in the left hand. John was finally arrested.

—On last Sunday evening, an insane man stalked into St. Peter's Catholic church, Pittsburgh, while vespers were going on, and sitting down in the back part of the house with his hat on, slapped a large clasp knife which he held in his hand in front of the pew and closed it. The noise attracted considerable attention, but nothing was done. Toward the close of the services he walked to the front and sent word to Father Lambing, the officiating priest, that he must see him. Father Lambing walked toward him, and the ladies screamed and gave him warning to get out of the way. He ran out of the back door, closing the door after him. The man then ran down the street, where he was captured by a policeman. He would not give his name. He is undoubtedly insane.

—A very long journey for an unattended child is being made by a lad of 9 years who arrived at the railway station in Buffalo with a tag and sewed to his jacket bearing this inscription: "Parker's Landing, Pa. This boy, Samuel Brindle, is going to his mother, Mary A. Brindle, Primrose Banks Mills, Old Oldham, Lancashire, England, via Montreal, Canada, and Liverpool, England, per Canada Shipping Company, Beaver Line. Take care of him." The boy had in his possession when he started tickets from Buffalo to Montreal, and Montreal to Liverpool; but the one conveying the journey from Buffalo he had lost on the way. The police telegraphed to Parker's Landing, and received a reply requesting them to forward the little traveller, and it would be made all right. He was sent on his way, and lacked no attention or care on his long journey. About a year ago he came to America with his father, who recently died. Acquaintances thereupon provided for his return to his mother.

DYING OF GRIEF—A REMARKABLE STORY.—A Hagerstown dispatch to the Baltimore *Day* tells the following strange story of a Maryland beauty who died of grief after being robbed of her luxuriant tresses:

The death of Miss Jennie Boggs, a prepossessing young lady of fifteen years of age, occurred under singular circumstances, and the physicians who were in attendance state that the young lady's demise was occasioned solely by grief. Miss Boggs was a member of the family of Mrs. C. Fraunt, and no men are inside the works. Mr. Lewis consented, and they took their positions on the car and were lowered to the Rock vein, at which working another car was taken to descend the Lewis vein, where the engine to be visited was. The change was safely made, the signal given, and they were lowered. When within thirty-five feet of the bottom of the shaft, water appeared upon the carriage, noticing which Lewis said that their feet would get wet, but not thinking there was any danger. Richards, however, was better acquainted with the mine, and knew that the shaft was flooded, which was only too true, the water having overflowed a dam at the Rock vein above and filled the mine to the depth of eighty-five feet. When Richards saw the water, with a spring from the side of the carriage he reached the side of the shaft and clung to a water pipe that passed down the shaft. He called to Lewis to do the same, but the latter, realizing the danger now, was too excited, and failed to follow.

The engineer at the top of the shaft was not aware of the matter, and kept letting the car down. When it began to enter the water it was a little high, as it always is in passing that point, and the man at the engine gave additional steam, which plunged the car containing Lewis into the water. His foot became fastened in some way, and before he loosened himself from the bands he finally slid by pulling his foot from the boot, he had gone under the water some twenty-eight feet. As soon as freed his body floated to the surface, where he grasped the rope which hung close to the roof of the engine and floundered about. The engineer stood at his post entirely unaware of the exciting time below. Nothing appearing wrong, and he waited for a signal. In the meantime Richards, who had jumped from the car, was undergoing a severe struggle. As he clung to the pipe the top of the carriage in going by struck him, so nearly that it stripped his overalls and pants from his legs, and in some unaccountable way he also lost his boots. One hundred and fifty feet separated him from the Rock vein, the only place now left to signal the engineer, and to save Lewis this ascent must be made as quickly as possible. Hand over hand he clambered up the pipe, resting now and then on the large beams that secured the sides of the shaft. Every few moments he would call upon Lewis to hang to the rope—that he would soon be to the top and all would be right. Lewis was swallowing the foul water all the time. His strength was fast waning, and unless assistance came before long he would perish. Bravely Richards plodded, though the strain upon him was intense. At last he gained the Rock vein, but the time consumed was three-quarters of an hour, and all that time Lewis was clinging for life to the rope. Richards quickly gave the signal and the engineer lowered the carriage from the water. As the carriage gained the top of the water Lewis slid down the rope to which he had held and sat upon the roof of the car. In this position he was raised to the Rock vein. Several workmen had come there after the signal, and they helped Lewis from his place, but it was done with the greatest difficulty, as his hands seemed glued fast to the rope. They then changed carriages as in going down and were hoisted to the top.

WALNUT LEAF HAIR RESTORER.

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restores gray hair to its natural color, and produces a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead, and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. SMITH, KLINE & CO., Wholesale Agents, Philadelphia, and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York. [6-2.-1y.]

THRILLING ADVENTURE IN A COAL MINE.—The experience of two miners in a flooded coal mine is thus related by the Scranton *Republican* of last week:

The most thrilling occurrence that has happened in this vicinity for a long time took place recently at Oxford shaft, Hyde Park, two men having had a most marvellous escape from death. Mr. Thomas Richards is what is called the driving partner at that mine. Every two or three days it is his custom to enter the shaft to see what water there is in the mine, as well as to keep the engine in good working order. At 6 o'clock in the morning he intended to make the trip, and asked Mr. James Lewis, another workman, to accompany him. The Oxford mine, as is generally known, is quite wet, and no men are inside the works. Mr. Lewis consented, and they took their positions on the car and were lowered to the Rock vein, at which working another car was taken to descend the Lewis vein, where the engine to be visited was. The change was safely made, the signal given, and they were lowered. When within thirty-five feet of the bottom of the shaft, water appeared upon the carriage, noticing which Lewis said that their feet would get wet, but not thinking there was any danger. Richards, however, was better acquainted with the mine, and knew that the shaft was flooded, which was only too true, the water having overflowed a dam at the Rock vein above and filled the mine to the depth of eighty-five feet. When Richards saw the water, with a spring from the side of the carriage he reached the side of the shaft and clung to a water pipe that passed down the shaft. He called to Lewis to do the same, but the latter, realizing the danger now, was too excited, and failed to follow.

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Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - AUG. 4, 1882.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—This is the most August month in the year.

—The blackberry crop in this section is simply immense.

—Cold as charity, so to speak, has been the weather thus far this week.

—You can buy pure sugars and syrups at the very lowest prices at Barkers'.

—Vigor strength and health all found in one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters.

—Along with other bargains V. S. Barker & Bro. are selling flour at $1.60 per sack.

—That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.

—A new county jail, to cost from $50,000 to $60,000, is about to be erected at Greensburg.

—Our Carrolltown letter came too late for length to find a place to put it in this week.

—The pathetic sunflower, which just now is in its boom, is gaudy and gay, being out in full bloom.

—Sleepless nights made miserable by that hacking cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. At James' drug store.

—Will you suffer with dyspepsia and liver complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. At James' drug store.

—If you have powder and gun which you know how to steer, for squirrels you can go over the first week in September and you will find bargains at Barkers' during this month, as they must sell off their entire stock before getting new goods.

—A son of Mr. George Mack, of Cambria township, fell or stepped on a scythe, on Tuesday last, cutting one of his feet very severely.

—Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. At James' drug store, Ebensburg.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. have succeeded in picking up a few good bargains this week, among which is canned corn at eleven cents per can, or five cans for fifty cents.

—Who ever heard of good raisins being sold at ten cents per pound? Nobody, we venture to say, and yet V. S. Barker & Bro. are actually selling them at that price.

—Mr. Joseph Mack, of Cambria township, has succeeded in securing a pension during back to July, 1865, at the rate of two dollars per month, amounting in all to $448.

—A girl baby six weeks old and weighing four pounds is what puzzles the Puzzlers, over in Blair county. The parental ratio is Helsel, but there is nothing of that about the baby.

—Mr. L. Martin, an employe at the Cambria Wire Works, Johnstown, had the misfortune to fall into a tub full of boiling water on Saturday last, and was shockingly scalded. There is some hope, however, of his recovery.

—Mr. H. Helst, chairman of the Democratic county committee, desires the press to announce in this place, on Monday next, Aug. 7th, all the aspirants for office who are seeking nomination at the approaching Democratic county election.

—Now is the time to buy shoes if you wish to take advantage of low prices. V. S. Barker & Bro. have filled up their bargain counter with shoes of all sizes, and marked them at such low prices that you will be astonished that such goods can be sold so low.

—Marriages have increased 40 per cent. among young men have learned of the soothing and healing power of Dr. Wolf's Hair Restorer, upon babies. Young man if you own a bottle on hand for an emergency, you can safely risk in bringing things to a climax.

—A son of Mr. Wm. Ford, of Frog Hollow, near Johnstown, fell from a load of hay which he was hauling down the Conemaugh hill a few days ago, and rolling over the road and down an embankment twenty-five feet high, fracturing one of his legs between the knee and thigh.

—Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a most valuable medicine for all those painful complaints and weaknesses so common to our best female population. It will cure entirely all ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration, falling and displacements, and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed. Sold by all druggists. See pamphlet.

—Sister Mary Martina, of the order of Sisters of Mercy, and a daughter of Mrs. Thomas Engle, of Altoona, died in Hayes City, Kansas, on Thursday last, in the twenty-first year of her age. The deceased was born near Nearys, Blair county, and entered St. Agnes' convent, Pittsburgh, April 4th, 1876. She was but recently married.

—The Ebensburg lady who was in Gallitzin on Tuesday last assures us that there was a respectable fall of snow there on that day—quite white it was coming down, but quite melted after it reached *terra firma*. Snow the first day of August is indeed a rarity, even on top of the Alleghenies, but there is no telling what a cold summer like this will bring forth.

—The Democratic nominee for Judge of the Supreme Court, Silas M. Clark, Esq., is not only a distinguished lawyer, but a successful farmer. His farm in our neighboring township will this year yield one hundred bushels of wheat and rye, all of which is harvested and partly threshed. His crops of oats, not oats, will be in about the same proportion.

—With sincere sorrow we learn that Mrs. Cyrus Curry of Altoona, a woman aged about sixty, being the reception into the order of the Sisters of St. Joseph the daughter of Miss Bridget Gilligan (in religion Sister Mary Patricia), of Brooklyn, N. Y., Miss Lizzie O'Connell (in religion Sister Mary Barbara), of Honesdale, Pa., and Miss Mary Blatte (in religion Sister Mary Scholastica), of McKee's Gap, Blair county.

—Loretto's aspirant for legislative honors on the Democratic ticket, Mr. A. J. Christy, is stooping things up pretty lively, and it won't be his fault, or the fault of a goodly number of earnest friends, if he don't carry off the prize at the coming primary election, and be nominated, and if he don't do it will be the goal of his ambition he will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that he did almost to attain the object in view.

—Come to us in the morning, come to us soon, come to us at any hour, and we'll tell you soon that there is no place in Ebensburg or any other town where you can get real value for your money in the way of dry goods, dress goods, hats, shoes, notions, and things else, at the cheap cash store of John Owens, a lots of all kind and summer goods of description positively closing out at

—Rev. Bob Roy Cunningham, Mrs. B. Crossman, A. J. Duncan, Wm. James Jackson, Prof. Marshall J. S. McKenzie, Gilbert A. Montgomery, T. Morgan, George Thomas, Mrs. P. Thonton, S. M. Woodcock, Stewart Williams, or Miss Addie Yost, inquire at the Ebensburg postoffice, he or she is sure to get it, provided the applicant is in town.

—Donahoe, of Robertsdale, Huntingdon county, filled himself full of cider and fell in or beside the track of the East Broad Top R. R. to sleep off the effects. This was all well enough if there had been no trains running, but unfortunately this was not the case, and about 7 o'clock the next morning which was Monday he was found in a terribly mutilated condition.

—Wednesday last, says the Huntingdon Mr. Geo. Jacobs, employed at the farm of Mr. Samuel Smith, in Jackson township, this county, while riding on a load of grain was struck by the limb of a tree and thrown to the ground, falling upon his shoulders. No bones were broken, but the concussion of the brain caused him to lose his reason for a time, and was well thought of, and from a gentleman in this place we have correspondence with a party high in official circles in New York, that the consolidation of the railroad for which a surveyor was made through this section last summer is to be cut down in the calendar of future events as an assured fact. The question now to be determined is which of the two routes from Bradley's will be the one running northward or the Clark route, the chances, however, favor the latter.

—It is not so well known as it should be that almost anything people need can be had at the variety store of C. T. Jones' establishment is in fact and deed a "variety store" of Ebensburg.—Not only what is more to the point, can they have just as cheap, and maybe cheaper, than anywhere else, and there is no reason whatever for sending to towns for what can be had money at your own door. Best hats and shoes in town, with cash always on top.

—A friend and patron, Mr. Benjamin Smith township, had the bone of his arm splintered or cracked immediately above the elbow, on Wednesday of last week, being thrown from a load of hay while he was engaged in driving a sidling road from the top of the load. His arm was fixed up by a surgeon on the wagon and afterwards when it and one of the wheels; Mr. L. was also thrown a short distance down the hill, and to his escape from serious injury.

—A young Greensburg lady named Edith Kelly went out on Saturday night with her lover, a young man named Thomas Biggert, and after their return to the house the usual billing and cooing went on until about 2 o'clock in the morning, when Miss Kelly was seized with heart disease, and the family, awakened by her groans, found her dying in her lover's arms, death ensuing in five hours after. Biggert was so overcome by grief that he took poison, it is alleged, and at latest accounts was lying in a comatose state, with little or no hope for his recovery.

—Deputy Sheriff Kinkead, who went to Reade township to arrest a married man and a married woman, named respectively Sutton and Dixon, both of whom are charged with adultery, was taken suddenly ill in White township, on Monday last, while on his return to this place with the accused parties, and was compelled to lay over for repairs at the house of Constable Noel of said township, who had gone with him to assist in making the arrests. His illness is not serious, and we presume he will reach here either this (Thursday) evening or to-morrow.

—Our good friend and true, Mr. Alver Akers, of Johnstown, was struck by the local freight at that place, on last Thursday morning, being at the time engaged in driving some hogs which he had just unloaded from a car, and while we condole with him the comparatively slight yet painful injuries he sustained, he is certainly to be congratulated on the fact that it is no worse, which would undoubtedly have been the case had he not, fortunately for himself, been knocked into an open culvert which crosses the track. It is indeed a miraculous escape from terrible injuries of not instant death.

—We are pleased to learn from the Zanesville (O.) *Daily Courier* that our young friends Marshall W. Jones, of New York, and his brother, W. Seward Jones, of the first named place, have made arrangements beyond their most sanguine expectations in the sincere hope of their many friends in this locality.

—After all the pæans of praise bestowed upon Don Cameron by the Republican papers of Blair county for his alleged efforts to secure a pension for Miss Mary Murray, of Hollidaysburg, the eldest daughter of the brave and lamented Col. Wm. C. Murray, the bill, we regret to say, has stuck fast in the Senate, and of course has not yet reached, much less been approved, by the President, as we were led to believe, and so stated a couple of weeks ago. Don, we may add, is as busy as a Beaver trying to bring about the election of the mammoth candidate for Governor, and therefore hasn't time to give this much deserving matter his personal attention.

—At a High Mass celebrated in St. Benedict's church, Carrolltown, on Tuesday morning of last week, as we learn from the *News*, Miss Margie Geis, daughter of our merchant friend, Mr. John Geis, of Johnstown, received the Benedictine habit as Sister M. Gertrude, and the following named ladies made their perpetual vows at the same time and place: Sister M. Florentine, formerly Miss Katie Jacob, of Allegheny; Sister M. Pia, formerly Miss Mary Hardy, of Allegheny; Sister Ildephonsa, formerly Miss Lizzie Dorn, of Allegheny; Sister Teehla, formerly Miss Tillie Kaylor, of Carrolltown; Sister Mechtilda, formerly Miss Lizzie Wagner, of Allegheny.

—Rev. John Reardon, who has been pastor of the Church of the Holy Name, in this place, for nearly it not quite two years, has been appointed pastor of St. Mary's church, Hollidaysburg, and Rev. Thomas Walsh, who took charge of the latter congregation when his lamented brother, Rev. John Walsh, now deceased, was transferred from Hollidaysburg to Altoona, after the demise of the latter Rt. Rev. J. Tuigg, whose place he filled, is to succeed Father Reardon as pastor of the church here. Both of the Rev. gentlemen will make their bows to their respective congregations on Sunday next. We can only wish them success, spiritual and temporal, in their new fields of labor.

—"Vote for John M. King, of Johnstown, for Assembly." Is the advice given to the Democrats of Cambria county in a card which will for the first time be found among the other announcements political in this week's issue of the FREEMAN. It is not for us to say that the advice should be followed implicitly, but when it comes to measuring men according to their merits we are not aware of any reason why Mr. King should hide his light under a half bushel or any other kind of a vessel. He has always been an active, energetic and reliable Democrat, and is we are sure, so far as ability is concerned, he would not have to take a back seat if he was sent to represent the people of this county in the Legislature.

—In the "Cresson Notes" published in the Altoona *Tribune* of Tuesday we find the following: "On a mountain attraction which has not been proportionately patronized by the guests, but which is now beginning to attract their attention, is the trip to Ebensburg. The roadway to the ancient burg is directly along the water-shed separating the waters flowing into the Atlantic from those finding their way to the Gulf of Mexico. This in itself should attract attention, but is supplemented by the natural scenery and historic associations of the place. We hope this thoroughfare will receive more attention at the hands of the heritofore. Orders for excursion tickets at reduced rates may be obtained at the hotel office. Mr. James Snyder is the gentlemanly conductor."

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Tuigg, of Pittsburgh, was with us on Monday last, the object of his visit being the reception into the order of the Sisters of St. Joseph the daughter of Miss Bridget Gilligan (in religion Sister Mary Patricia), of Brooklyn, N. Y., Miss Lizzie O'Connell (in religion Sister Mary Barbara), of Honesdale, Pa., and Miss Mary Blatte (in religion Sister Mary Scholastica), of McKee's Gap, Blair county. The Rt. Rev. Bishop was assisted by Rev. Dennis Kearney, of St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburgh, and Rev. Father Reardon, the pastor. Rev. Father Kearney preached a beautiful and eloquent sermon appropriate to the occasion. The ceremony was followed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the bestowal of the Papal Benediction, which after blessing the Rt. Rev. Bishop will also bestow on the congregation of the Church of the Holy Name, at an early day.

—On last Monday morning a carpenter named Griffith Ashtown, employed at the new summer resort of Mr. T. H. Helst, had the misfortune to fall from the upper portion of the building, a distance of twenty-three feet, his abdomen coming in contact with a block of wood, strange to say escaped with no more serious injury than a severe sprain of the right wrist, a severe bruise on the forehead, a slight contusion on the left leg, and a few cuts in the face. The injured man is lying at the residence of his uncle, Mr. Benj. J. Williams. He is a native of Wales, has been only one month in this country and two weeks in this place, and has a wife and family in England. He is under the skilful care of Dr. Kennedy, who was instructed by Mr. Helst to give him all the attention necessary, and that means something entirely characteristic of that generous gentleman. The Doctor represents his patient's condition as quite encouraging, and we are sure he will want for nothing that medical skill and kind care can furnish.

A NOTED WOMAN.—The item in regard to the failure of "Yours for health, Lydia E. Pinkham," of Lynn, Mass., which has been floating through the papers, we are glad to learn is false in every respect, as we found on inquiring at Hubbard's International Newspaper Agency of this city. The *Lynn Bee* said a few days since: "The Lydia Pinkham Compound Business is not financially embarrassed as reported, but is being conducted on a much larger scale than ever, doing a large and growing business and paying off a hundred cents on a dollar." Mr. Hubbard has entire charge of this and other similar large houses, and informs us that he has inserted her advertisements on yearly contracts in over 8,000 newspapers last year, so that she is to-day the best known woman in America. In addition to this fact she is a live, earnest woman of over sixty, and doing a great deal of good in the world, as many of the best families in this city can testify. Her advertisements, though worded plainly, are not equivocal in any sense, and her remedy is one of the few of great merit before the public.—*New Haven Sunday Register.*

"BECAME SOUND AND WELL."

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.: Dear Sir—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good.

Yours truly, THOS J. METHVIN,
Hatcher's Station, Ga.

WHY WOMEN USE IT.

Because they have learned by experience that it overcomes despondency, indigestion, weakness in the back and other troubles of the sex is why women everywhere use Parker's Ginger Tonic.—*Home Journal.*

Beauty Regained.

The beauty and color of the hair may be safely regained by using Parker's Hair Balsam, admired for its perfume, and dandruff eradicating properties.

A SUCCESSFUL SWINDLE.

HOW A CONFIDING CITIZEN OF ALLEGHENY TOWNSHIP TOOK FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS' WORTH OF INTEREST IN A STRANGER WHO PROVED A SCOUNDREL.

Joseph Boley, an honest, unsuspecting and industrious citizen, resides in Allegheny township, in the vicinity of Mr. Wm. J. Buck's store, on the Loretto and Carrolltown road, and is the owner of a small tan-yard. Four or five weeks ago a stranger who gave his name as Henry Richards, of middle age, medium size, respectably dressed, and of fair conversational powers, made his appearance at Mr. Boley's residence in the evening and told him he was a saddler by trade—that he had come from Woodbury, Bedford county, where he had been working for a Mr. Borns, and was in search of a location in which to resume his trade. He stayed at Boley's that night and an arrangement was entered into by which the saddlery business was to be started by Boley and himself on the former's premises. Of course some leather not manufactured by Mr. Boley and a variety of other articles were required to start the business, but Richards had no money, nor had Boley the requisite amount, but the latter had credit and a good name among his neighbors. After a delay of a week or more without proceeding to carry out their partnership arrangement, Boley took Richards with him to a neighbor who lived a couple of miles distant, and from whom he borrowed $100, giving his judgment note for the loan, payable within one year, Richards at the same time giving Boley his (Richards') judgment note for the same amount. Boley either then or before they started to Pittsburg on last Monday week, to purchase supplies for the proposed saddlery shop, handed the borrowed money to Richards, and in so doing so committed the greatest mistake of his life. Arriving in Pittsburg, Richards suggested that he would like to get a suit of clothes, to which Boley assented and $16 were invested at a clothing store for that purpose. They then visited a leather store and purchased $50 worth of that article, after which they took lodging at the "Helvetia House," not far from the Union depot, intending, as Boley supposed, to close out their purchases next day. About 2 o'clock next morning Richards got up, and after telling Boley that he could not sleep owing to oppressive heat, he remarked that he would go down stairs and take a walk out in the fresh air. He went, but did not return to bed, nor was he on hand when Boley came down in the morning. The latter waited at the hotel an hour or more for him and as he did not appear went to the leather store and stated his case to the proprietor, who advised him to see the Mayor. He called on that official, but was unable for some reason to procure the services of a police officer to search for Richards. Boley remained in and about the hotel until evening, but Richards did not put in an appearance. In the evening Boley went up the Connellsville railroad to Port Perry, where his brother resides, and returned the next morning, when he was told by the barkeeper at the hotel that during his absence Richards had been there inquiring for him. He made search for him that day (Wednesday) in a score of saloons, but could not find him. Thursday was also passed in an unsuccessful hunt for Richards. Mr. Boley not returning home until Friday, Mr. B. managed his business very badly in Pittsburg on Wednesday, when Richards' return to the hotel in the morning showed that he was still in the city, and he could unquestionably have found the man if the proper effort had been made.

On Monday last Mr. Boley was in our office and still thought that Richards would soon return to his residence, but we learned on Wednesday that he had not done so.—Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Boley, who can ill afford to stand the loss of $200. It seems to have placed the most implicit confidence in Richards, who played his game on his unsuspecting victim with the usual coolness of men of his stripe. That he is a first-class scoundrel what we have above related demonstrates beyond doubt or question.

A VEXED CLERGYMAN.

Even the patience of Job would become exhausted were he a preacher and endeavoring to inform his congregation while they were keeping up an incessant coughing, making it impossible for him to be heard. Yet, how very easy can all this be avoided by simply using Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Trial Bottles given away at James' Drug Store, Ebensburg, Pa.

We call attention to the advertisement of Dr. Orin E. Newton, of No. 55 Smithfield street, Pittsburgh, on our second page. The doctor is a graduate of a Cincinnati medical college, in which city he practiced medicine with eminent success for over thirty years. So successful was he that he established a reputation for his treatment of chronic diseases, and many who came from abroad to try the doctor's skill as a last resort are now living and well, and willing to testify that he positively cures cases that have been pronounced incurable. Leaving Cincinnati in March, 1882, the Doctor came, like the good Samaritan, to Pittsburgh, where he established an office and is now practicing and will continue to practice the healing art. He makes a specialty of chronic diseases, such as catarrh, consumption, asthma, bronchitis, &c., and many who have suffered for years have been snatched from the verge of the grave by a few timely visits to his office. He is the author of the "Scientific and Rational Medical Treatment Quarterly" and several other publications treating on his profession. By reference to the advertisement there will be seen letters from a number of citizens of Pittsburgh and vicinity recommending the Doctor as a kind and skillful physician. To those who are afflicted with any dangerous or disagreeable chronic disease we would say, cut out Dr. Newton's address and the next time you are in the city go and see him. He charges nothing for consultation.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.—Hires' Improved Root Beer package makes five gallons of a delicious, wholesome, sparkling temperance beverage. Ask your druggist for it, or sent by mail for twenty-five cents. Charles E. Hires, 48 North Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. [6-9.-13t.]

A BARBER'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE.—On Wednesday afternoon a strange man, about six feet tall and having the appearance of a drover, went to a barber shop on Seventh avenue and Fourteenth street, kept by a colored individual named Jason, and made arrangements with the proprietor to keep the shop open a little later than usual that night for the purpose of cutting the hair of a young lady who he proposed to bring around. Jason remained as he promised, and sure enough about 11 o'clock the stranger came, made his appearance in company with a young woman dressed in black. The female submitted to the operation of having her luxuriant growth of hair cut off short, after the prevailing style in which men wear their hair, and when that was done she also had her persuasion to arrange her toilet in a side room. The gallant Jason consented, and the mysterious young woman disappeared for about five minutes. When she came out she was attired in a light colored suit of men's clothing, her cast off garments being tied up in a shawl strap. The man who brought the young lady to Jason handed him $2 for his trouble and the pair departed. Jason happened to be at the station when the four o'clock train left for the west on Tuesday morning, and he saw his visitors of the night before getting on board. This is a strange story, but Jason is a man of truth and vouches for its correctness. Does anybody know who the parties are?—*Altoona Tribune.*

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.—Mention was made in these columns last week that a Mr. Kelita Woodhead, of Baltimore, had come to Johnstown to see the remains of the boy who had been killed by the cars at the station in that place on the 8th of July having been disinterred, had identified them as being those of his son. Mr. Woodhead took the remains to Bristol, Bucks county, where he and his family resided previous to their removal to Baltimore, and before their burial at Bristol they were identified as those of his son by the rest of the family and also by their former neighbors. Thus matters remained until Sunday last, when, as we learn from Geo. W. Easly, Esq., of Johnstown, who is one of the Post Directors of the county, and who received a letter from Mr. Woodhead on Monday, the real son, who had taken the lamented Greeley's advice by going west, turned up at his home in Baltimore as full of life and waywardness as he ever was. This strange denouement has, as we learn from the Altoona "Tribune" created a fear in the mind of Mrs. Courtney, of that city, that it was her own son, aged about twelve years, who was killed, as he had left only a few days before the accident and has not yet returned. It would be next to impossible, however, for any one to identify the remains now.

The Distinguishing Charm.

A delightful fragrance of freshly gathered flowers and spices is the distinguishing charm of Floreston Cologne.

LETTER FROM OUR OLD RELIABLE.

CLARADALE, July 30, 1882.

DEAR MCPIKE—I am here enjoying the society of a dear old sister, with several daughters and her daughters' daughters.—This old grandmother and myself are the only living members of a once large and if not a conspicuous, a distinctive family of the Smith tribe. Our parents were both orphans, and neither my sister nor myself ever had a single relative, outside our own family. We never saw an uncle, aunt or cousin.—Had our parents died without issue their races would have been extinct; yet, if there were a reunion of all their direct descendants, enough could be collected together about Pittsburg and its surroundings to make a first-class camp meeting; and if a book of prose and poetry were written about their vices and virtues, it would make a large if not an interesting volume. If all the descendants of the orphans, William and Agnes Smith, were collected together, they would almost equal the swarm of descendants of the sturdy Walter Palmer, who lately overran Stoningten.

Claradale, in Washington county, is a delightful spot, overlooking Monongahela City, on the Monongahela river. While it is not perhaps as alluring a spot as Andalusia, it is nevertheless a lovely one. No softer moonlight baths in floods of silver sheen were ever vouchsafed the orange groves of Andalusia than are shed over Claradale. No balmier breezes blow over Araby the blest, or the coasts of Gul and Cashgar, in the blood, than the zephers which linger in loving dalliance amid the rose beds, jania thickets and honeysuckle arbors of this Eden. No bluer skies bend their sapphire arch above the Bay of Naples, or the Lake of Como, than here on Monongahela's enchanted shore. On all the beautiful Gulf of Mexico, no fairer realm unfolds itself to tempt an angel down.

There comes a time in life, however, when wealth, position, and all the fascinations of the world fail to charm—a time when we realize "all is vanity." A time when those we would care to please are no longer with us, when with Tennyson we exclaim:

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
Or the sound of a voice that is still!"

The other night while wandering through the labyrinthian passages about Claradale, when the katydids were chirruping, the festive lightning bugs were giving out their phosphorent flashes, and the moon had risen high in the heavens, suddenly a body was seen to fall. The fallen victim looked woeful, and remained silent for some time, after which he said, "Well, I'll be damned."—When a man makes use of that expression he gives all to understand that he is badly beat, and accepts the situation. There is no other popular expression in the English language which so fully expresses a man's disgust, and at the same time his resignation. Fearing that the readers of the FREEMAN might think your correspondent was swearing, he will not attempt a further description of that fallen body, but change the subject.

Monongahela City's elite society is on tip toe over the pleasing news that there is a probability of having an American Victoria as well as an English Victoria. Mrs. Woodhull is to be a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and it seems as if the people of the whole world are going to rally around her. Meetings are being held throughout England in advocacy of Victoria Woodhull's election to the American Presidency, and all of Europe and the balance of the world are likely to follow suit. The American Victoria is said to be very hopeful. Why not have an American Victoria? Very pleasant in the higher circles here, too, is the news that American society is to be honored with the presence of that English beauty, the Lovey, Mrs. Langtry. We have long heard England's word for it that she is the most beautiful woman in the world. This English Langtry "Lily" will eclipse the aesthetic Wilde, the glaring "Sunflower." The Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, however, has the assurance to say that the average American lady "will discount her fascinations before she has been twenty-four hours in our expansive atmosphere."

While upon the subject of female beauty, I will take occasion to say that a lady guest at Claradale is beautiful beyond my power of description. This lovely young lady but personifies the most precious treasure of a woman's life, her love, to a young man, a prominent railroad conductor, and is here summering for the restoration of health.—She is beautiful as a flower. In the delicate lines of her lovely face there is an expression which tell more than words can speak. Her deep dreamy eyes flash a passionate love, and her voice is one of thrilling tenderness.—While it is pleasurable to gaze upon this lovely young wife, it is painful to think and fear that, like a summer flower, her summer is about to close.

Roses bloom, and then they whither;
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die:
Shapes of light are wafted hither,
Then, like visions, hurry by.

Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many colored west,
Days are bearing her to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

How long I shall remain in this Eden is problematical. My stay here depends entirely upon the action of the "wisdom winks" of the "cen-ol wind," and the "fog bank," and the movement of Guiteau's President. "Chet" has determined not to desert the White House until Congress fags out under the combined pressure of bad ventillation and malaria. At this writing, speculation is life as to where "Chet" will go after the adjournment of Congress. Some say that he has selected the Soldiers' Home as his summer abode; some declare that he is going to Alexandria Bay; some say he will either summer at Grove Spring, on Lake Kenpa, or at Conemaugh Lake, on the Allegheny mountain; some contend that he will summer on Long Branch or Coney Island, but which he said, "Well, I'll be damned."—Madame Grundy positively asserts that "Chet" will summer at Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, and if there is anybody in this wide world who has his secrets and knows what he is going to do, it is Madame Grundy, and, although "Chet's" pretty cottage is being arranged for him at Long Branch, I think that what Madame Grundy asserts is true, and that "Chet" will go to Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs. Wherever "Chet" goes I will go, and it may be before this letter reaches you, or is in print, you will know at what point my next letter will be written. Up to this time "Chet" has maintained a Sphynx-like silence worthy of the "Great Gift Taker" himself. It is exceedingly gratifying to know that "Chet" graciously accepted the present made him by the President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, of a Scotch collie dog. The "Great Gift Taker" refused the present of a bull pup because the expressage had not been prepaid. It should be a matter of pride to the American people to know that President Garrett prepaid the expressage on the Scotch collie.

G. N. S.

THE MARTINDALE COLLIERIES.—We find the following in regard to an extensive and prosperous Cambria county industry in the Altoona *Call* of Thursday last:

The Martindale branch of the Pennsylvania railroad connects with the main line at Portage and extends south nearly three miles to Martindale, the new mining town recently established in the north centre of the extensive coal property of John C. Martin & Co. Many new miners' houses have just been completed; others are now under contract, and it is the intention of this firm to furnish every miner employed here a family with a comfortable house convenient to these works. Mr. Martin, the general manager, has come to the conclusion that there are many steady, sober and intelligent miners in proportion to the number employed in the trade as in that of any other, and that with care in the selection of men and then in giving them comfortable home, good school facilities and churches convenient, and in banishing the whisky tariff from the neighborhood, will go far to remove the prejudice from this class of skilful workers, and in fact he has demonstrated that this class of men are not strikers, for his miners remained steadily at work during the entire summer, and are earning fair wages and are content. We understand that at no very distant day there will be coke ovens established at this point to manufacture coke for the western market. It is said that coke made from the "E" seam of coal on this property will equal that made at Connellsville, if made in bee-hive ovens and with same care in coking, etc. The steam saw mill at Portage station so long operated by this firm will be removed to Martindale, and will be used at once to manufacture lumber from the large quantities of valuable timber that yet remain on the estate of the firm. There are over one thousand acres of New England spruce, commonly called cedar, that has never been cut over at all for shipping, but will now be manufactured into shingles, bridge, box boards, frame lumber, etc., and will take the place of pine lumber for all purposes for which the latter is used.

CATARRH.—Relief in five minutes in every case; gratifying, wholesome relief beyond a money value. Cure begins from first application, rapid, radical and permanent. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure. Complete for $1.

LESSONS IN SHORT-HAND.

If a class of 10 or 12 persons can be secured, I will give a course of lessons in the ART OF SHORT-HAND WRITING in Ebensburg at an early day.

For terms and other particulars, persons interested will please address

J. FRANK CONDON,
July 21, 1882.-4t. Johnstown, Pa.

NO TROUBLE TO SWALLOW

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" (the original "little liver pills") and no pain or griping. Cure sick or bilious headache, sour stomach, and cleanse the system and bowels. 25 cents a vial.

NEW JERSEY GRAPE WINE.—The success of Mr. Speer, the great wine man of New Jersey, has arisen from the strict purity and valuable properties of his wines for invalids and feeble persons, and his reputation extends over the whole union as being a reliable producer of pure wines. His Port Grape wine is now being ordered by families in Dresden, London and Paris for its superior medicinal virtues, owing probably to the iron contained in the brown shale rock soil in which the vines grow. For sale at James' drug store, Ebensburg, Pa.

OUR brave hero sat on a mossy stone, beneath an ancient elm, gazing upon the slippery ripples of the crystal stream which sped past his slippered feet. He was dreaming a day-dream and softly humming that favorite song, "Still so gently o'er me stealing," when a voice sweet as the rippling waters fell upon his ears, and this is what it said: "Why sit you here idle when Jas. J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, has such a fine stock of ready-made clothing for men and boy awaiting your inspection and purchase, and has such a commendable desire to please everybody and suit the pocket-books of all who wish to buy anything in his line.

THAT'S WHERE.—Oh! where are you going, my amiable friend?—oh! where are you going? said he. I am going a new suit of clothes to buy at the New York Clothing Hall. Oh! where is that? my amiable friend?—Oh! where is that? said he. The place is at 210 Main street, and the store you shall quickly see. Then I will go with you, my amiable friend—then I will go with you, said he. So they both went together and with suits for the weather they quickly were fitted to a T. T. T! Go thou and do likewise, reader. New York Clothing Hall, 210 Main street, next to Opera House, Johnstown, Pa.

MARY had a little corn upon her little toe, and every place that Mary went this corn was sure to go. She went to Blumenthal's store one day to get of shoes a pair, and of course it is fair to presume that the little corn on the little aforesaid went with her there. Blumenthal's is Blumenthal's Great Eastern Boot and Shoe Store, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, is the place to get very cheap, neat-fitting and comfortable foot coverings of all styles, sizes and qualities, for ladies, misses, men, youths and children.

PERSONAL! TO MEN ONLY!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send DR. DYE'S CELEBRATED ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELTS AND ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality and Manhood, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. [6-28.-y&m.]

OBITUARY.

ENGLEHART.—Died, in Gallitzin, on Sunday evening, July 30, 1882, W. H., only son of H. A. and Julia A. Englehart, aged 1 year, 11 months and 13 days.

"Another precious little hand
To Eden's sweet harp-string given;
Another seraph's gentle voice—
Another cherub safe in heaven."

The bereaved parents have the sincere sympathy of their many friends in this community, of which the were recent residents.

BURNHAM.—Died, at Armagh, Indiana county, on Saturday, July 29, 1882, Miss Sallie Buchanan, at an advanced age.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ASSEMBLY.—JOSEPH MCDONALD, of Ebensburg, will be a candidate for nomination, subject to Democratic rules, at the next primary election for Cambria county.

ASSEMBLY.—EDITOR FREEMAN—*Dear Sir:* Please announce the name of A. J. CHRISTY, of Loretto, as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the rules of the Democratic party of Cambria county. MANY DEMOCRATS.
Loretto, March 22, 1882.-tf.*

ASSEMBLY.—We are authorized to announce the name of NATHANIEL HOUSE, of Johnstown, as a candidate for Assembly at the coming primary election, subject to the rules and conditions which govern the Democratic party of Cambria county in its choice of candidates.

ASSEMBLY.—We are authorized to announce that L. D. WOODRUFF, of Johnstown, will be a candidate for renomination at the coming Democratic primary election as one of the Representatives from this county in the State Legislature, and that he will faithfully abide by the decision of the party of his friends. Democrats as indicated by the vote cast at said primary election.

ASSEMBLY.—EDITOR FREEMAN: You are authorized to announce the name of MICHAEL BRACKEN, of Gallitzin Borough, as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the approval or rejection of the Democratic voters at the coming primary election. Knowing his fitness and worth, we can earnestly commend Mr. Bracken to the cordial support of every Democrat in Cambria county. MANY CITIZENS.
Gallitzin, March 28, 1882.-t.e.

FOR ASSEMBLY.—The undersigned offers himself to the Democracy of Cambria county as a candidate for the Legislature, and if found worthy the support of a majority of his fellow Democrats at the coming primary election, and if endorsed at the polls in November next, he pledges himself to serve the interests of all concerned to the best of his ability and entirely regardless of either fear, favor or affection.

JOSEPH GUTWALD.
Ebensburg, March 10, 1882.-2m.*

VOTE FOR
JOHN M. KING,
OF JOHNSTOWN,
FOR ASSEMBLY,
At the Democratic Primary Election, Aug. 19th, 1882.

CARD.—I hereby place myself before the Democracy of Cambria county for nomination for the office of Sheriff, subject to the rules of the party. JOHN BERE.
St. Augustine, April 3, 1882.

SHERIFF.—We are requested to announce that the name of JOSIAH WATERS, of Johnstown, will be presented to the Democracy of Cambria county for the office of Sheriff, subject to the rules governing the party, at the approaching primary election.

SHERIFF.—At the solicitation of a number of friends I hereby offer myself to the Democracy of Cambria county as a candidate for Sheriff, and will abide by their decision at the coming primary election. D. A. LUTHER.
Carroll Twp., June 9, 1882.

SHERIFF.—The undersigned will be a candidate for nomination at the approaching Democratic primary election, subject of course to the rules of the party, for the office of Sheriff of Cambria county, and hopes to be deemed worthy of the favorable consideration of his personal and political friends. JOS. F. DURBIN.
Allegheny Twp., April 21, 1882,-tc.

POOR DIRECTOR.—We are authorized to announce that Charles Flick, of Loretto borough, will be a candidate for Poor House Director at the coming Democratic primary election, the result of which he pledges himself to abide by.

POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR.—We are authorized to announce that JOHN HOSAGON, of Croyle township, will be a candidate for Poor House Director at the coming Democratic primary election, subject to the rules governing the party.

POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR.—We are authorized to announce the name of JACOB WARNER, of Washington township, will be a candidate for Poor House Director, subject to the rules which govern Democratic primary elections, and if nominated and elected he pledges himself to serve the taxpayers of the county to the best of his ability.

POOR DIRECTOR.—We are authorized to announce the name of JOHN CARNEY, of Allegheny township, as a candidate for Poor Director at the approaching Democratic primary election. Having been a Democrat all his life and believing himself competent to discharge the duties of said office honestly and creditably, Mr. Carney earnestly solicits the support of his personal and political friends throughout the county.

STRAY STEER.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Allegheny township, on or about the first of June last, a red steer with a white stripe on his back, commencing at hips, and supposed to be about two years old. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away; failing in which the steer will be disposed of according to law directs.
ANDREW MCCO

IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY AT

Hasson's New CHEAP STORE,

EBENSBURG, PA.,

IF YOU WANT ANY OF THE

Honest Goods at Honest Prices

EMBRACED IN THE FOLLOWING LIST:

ALUM, ALLSPICE, AXLE GREASE, BAKING POWDER, " SODA, BEANS, BLACKING, " BRUSHES, BLUEING, BORAX, BRAID, BR'KFAST BACON, BROOMS, BUTTONS, CALICOES, CAMPHOR, CASTOR OIL, CARBON OIL, CARPET TACKS, CANNED APPLES, " CORN, " PEACHES, " PEARS, " TOMATOES, CHEESE, CHEVIOTS, CHOCOLATE, CIGARS, CINNAMON, CLOVES, CLOTHES PINS, COFFEES, CORN STARCH, CORSET JEANS, COMBS, CRACKERS, CREAM TARTER, CURRANTS, DRIED APPLES, " CORN, " PEACHES, DRESS LININGS, EXTRACTS and ESSENCES, FIGS, FISH, " HOOKS, " LINES, FLOUR, FRUITS, GINGER, GINGHAMS, GUN CAPS, " POWDER, HAIR PINS, HAMS, HANDKERCHIEFS, HOMINY, HOOKS and EYES, HOSE, INDIGO, INK, JELLIES (all kind), LAMP CHIMNEYS, " WICKS, " BURNERS, LAUDANUM, LEAD PENCILS, LEMONS, LINEN CRASH, MACARONI, MATCHES, MOLASSES, MUSLINS, MUSTARD, NAILS, NEEDLES, NUTS, OILS, ORANGES, PENS, PENHOLDERS, PEPPER, PINS, PIPES, PRUNES, RAISINS, RICE, ROPE HALTERS, SALT, SARDINES, SCISSORS, SCRUB BRUSHES, SEW'G MACH'E OIL, SHIRTINGS, SHOE LACERS, SHOT, SILK TWIST, " THREAD, SOAPS, SPICES, STARCH, STOCKINGS, STOVE POLISH, SUGARS, SUSPENDERS, SWEET OIL, TEAS, THREAD, TUBS, WASHBOARDS, WASHING SODA, WOODEN BUCKETS, YEAST POWDER,

AND MANY OTHER ARTICLES TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION.

NO OLD GOODS OF ANY KIND!

ALL FRESH!---ALL FINE!---ALL CHOICE!---ALL CHEAP!

A Liberal Share of Public Patronage is Respectfully Solicited.

$12,000 WORTH

OF THE CELEBRATED

ROCHESTER CLOTHING!

WHICH DEFIES COMPETITION IN

QUALITY, MAKE AND PRICE,

HAS JUST BEEN RECEIVED AT THE

Golden Eagle Clothing House,

1301 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA, PA.

ALSO, A LARGE AND ELEGANT STOCK OF

HATS, CAPS, and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

SAMUEL MARCH, Proprietor.

ALTOONA, PA., APRIL 21, 1882.-tf.

WHEN YOU WANT

PURE FRESH DRUGS OR PATENT MEDICINES!

YOU ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO CALL AT

JAMES' NEW DRUG STORE, EBENSBURG, PA.

PURE FRESH GOODS! | NO MISREPRESENTATION! | BOTTOM PRICES!

LINSEED and MACHINE OILS, PAINTS, VARNISH, PUTTY, TURPENTINE, WHITE LEAD, COLORS, (Dry and in Oil) BRUSHES, Etc.

Also, a very full and complete stock of

BLANK BOOKS AND STATIONERY!

POCKET BOOKS, PURSES, COMBS, BRUSHES, ALBUMS, PERFUMERY

TOILET SETS, ETC., ETC.

PURE GROUND SPICES AND FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

—ALWAYS HAVE THE—

Largest and Cheapest Stock of

Dry and Dress Goods,

NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

GEO. W. YEAGER,

—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

—AND MANUFACTURER OF—

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.-tf.]

C. T. ROBERTS,

DEALER IN

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, GROCERIES,

Notions, Medicines, Wall Paper, Cigars, Tobacco, Fancy Goods, Toys, &c.

VARIETY STORE, EBENSBURG, PA.

RELIABLE GOODS. HONEST PRICES. FAIR DEALING.

T. MASON RICHARDS,

Surgeon Dentist

Ebensburg, Pa.

DENTAL WORK, either operative or mechanical, filling teeth, and all other work pertaining to my profession, will be executed at moderate rates and in a satisfactory manner. Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

Rooms on High street, nearly opposite the Blair House. [3-24,'82.-tf.]

M. E. BUCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, ALTOONA, PA.

Office over the First National Bank. Entrance on 11th avenue, second door from 12th street. Altoona, April 22, 1881.-tf.

WM. H. SECHLER, Johnstown, Pa. M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.

SECHLER & KITTELL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, JOHNSTOWN AND EBENSBURG.

OFFICES in Luther & Green's large brick building, corner Main and Clinton sts., Johnstown and in Colonnade Row, Ebensburg. [7-1,'81.]

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, EBENSBURG, PA.

Office on Centre street, opposite the Court House. [6-12, '82.-tf.]

JOSEPH McDONALD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EBENSBURG, PA.

Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $1 outfit free. Address *H. Hallett & Co.*, Portland, Me.

NEW STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS.

An owl was killed near Yankee Hill, Butte county, Cal., last week, attached to one leg of which, with a piece of annealed wire, was a gold dollar of the coinage of 1856. The bird was an aged one, apparently, and the coin looked as if it had been carried for many years.

In Pike county, Miss., a huge bear entered the house of Eli Crawford, and attempted to carry off the largest child. A faithful dog attacked it and compelled it to drop its burden, but it then seized another of the children and had got some distance before the same watchful canine made the second rescue.

Andrew Jackson Hyatt, a White Plains, (N. Y.) lawyer, has an old dog named Mack, about which a good story is told. Mack is a native of Virginia, and, like all Virginians, has a strong hold upon longevity. He first saw the light of the Virginia sun in 1863, while his maternal relative was following the fortunes of McClellan's army. About two weeks ago Mack had a slight misunderstanding with a country dog in town on business. Mack's ears by some unexplained accident became fastened between the other dog's teeth, and in getting it out the ear was somewhat scarred and disfigured. Mack felt awfully ashamed of himself and did not attend court—which he used to frequent regularly—for three or four days. About this time a kind-hearted shoemaker invited the dog into his shop and gave the ear a dressing of shoemaker's wax. He wagged his tail in gratitude and went his way. The next morning he went out for a promenade and had a quarrel with another country dog, this time getting his foot instead of his ear in the other dog's mouth. The dispute ended, the sagacious animal limped away to the same shomaker, and putting up his wounded paw, whined for a dressing of wax, which was furnished, and Mack went out apparantly contented. On his way home he met another lame dog with a sore foot, and immediately stopped him, introduced himself, and, after a few dogmatical gestures and signs, induced his lame friend to accompany him to the shoemaker's to have his foot dressed. The shoemaker fixed up the foot of Mack's friend, and both dogs went their way as thankful as dog language could express it.

On the North road, about four miles from this city, says the *Elmira Advertiser*, live a highly respectable family named Stetson, consisting of a young man and his wife and the aged and infirm sire of the lady. The old gentleman is crippled with rheumatism to such an extent that he cannot leave his chair, but is wheeled about the room by his daughter. The Stetsons are the owners of a large powerful dog, half mastiff and half Newfoundland, noted for his intelligence and sagacity throughout the whole neighborhood, while a near neighbor possesses a little shaggy Scotch terrier. Between this ill-sorted pair the strongest friendship has grown up, the dogs being almost inseparable. Mr. Stetson has been digging a well, and has reached a depth of almost twenty feet, but had not walled it up, when about a week ago he and his wife found it necessary to visit Elmira on business. The wife drew her father's chair up to the window in the sunshine, and otherwise rendered him comfortable, and left him watching the gambols of the frisky, strangely-matched friends.

Mr. Stetson had not more than driven out of sight when the little terrier fell into the well, which contained about two feet of water at the time. The old dog was almost frantic and lost his canine presence of mind in a wonderfully undignified manner. He went down into the well at the yelping, paddling terrier, and then howl and ran to the window, and scratching on the casement and otherwise exhibiting all the evidences of almost frantic grief to attract the old man's attention. Suddenly he paused a moment and looked grave, as though endeavoring to collect his scattered senses. Mrs. Stetson, before leaving for town had taken in the washing hanging on the clothes-line, coiling up the line and laying it on a bench. The mastiff had seen the workmen draw up pails of water by means of the rope, and an idea seemed to strike him. Seizing one end of the rope in his teeth he ran to the well with it and commenced slowly drawing it up to him and lowering it into the well. Slowly and carefully the sagacious old animal drew up the cord, when up over the side of the crumbling walls came the muddy, dripping form of the almost exhausted terrier clinging to the rope with his teeth. When Mr. Stetson and his wife came home the old man attempted to tell the story, but it seemed so incredible that they could hardly believe it, but upon Mr. Stetsons going out to the well he found the mud-bedaubed rope lying where the old dog had left it, and the prints where it had cut into the earth sides of the well were plainly descernable.

SOMETHING FOR THE BAREFOOTED.—Country boys, as soon as Nature spreads her carpet of green, usually beg to go barefoot, and, inasmuch as rusty nails projecting from old boards never get out of the way of approaching bare feet, many an urchin goes bounding off with one foot in his hand, and a look of anguish on his countenance. A writer in the New York *Observer* comes to the rescue of all such sufferers, and prescribes something which can be easily prepared.

"Scarcely a week passes," he says, "that there is not a report in the newspapers of some one who has died of tetanus, commonly called lockjaw, bro't on by some sharp instrument being stuck in the body—usually a nail in the foot. Such wound will generally prove harmless if the following liniment be applied properly; two ounces alcohol; two ounces oil of organnum; one-half ounce tincture of camphor. I was once called to see a boy twenty-four hours after he had stuck a rusty nail in his foot. He appeared to be in intense agony, and his foot was considerably swollen. I opened the wound so that serum flowed a little from it, and then folded a piece of soft cotton cloth, eight ply, and thoroughly saturated it with the liniment and bound it on the wound giving instructions to renew the application every two hours until relief be given. In six hours I called to see the boy and he was out in the yard playing and suffered no more from the wound.

"The liniment is good for any fresh wound on man or beast, and every family ought to keep a bottle of it. I do not affirm that in every case it will prevent lockjaw; but I do believe that, if properly used, lockjaw would seldom occur. In my experience of many years I have not known of a case where the liniment was used. The liniment ought to be used until a cure is effected."

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.—That a little water in butter will prevent it from burning when frying.

That pennyroyal distributed in places frequented by roaches will drive them away.

That wild mint will keep rats and mice out of your house.

That five quarts of boiling water poured on a package of pearline will make an excellent soft soap. Let it remain over night to harden.

That lime sprinkled in fire-places during the summer months is healthy.

That leaves of parsey, eaten with a little vinegar, will prevent the disagreeable consequence of a tainted breath by onions.

That flowers and shrubs should be excluded from a sick chamber.

That oil paintings hung over the mantle-piece are liable to wrinkle with the heat?

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery since the Days of Adam.

It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh rose of life's spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use it and Prescribe it Freely.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of man woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3ct. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists. (1)

PARKER'S

HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

60c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S

GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with over work, or a mother run down by familiar household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man enfeebled by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant use GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different preparations of ginger class. Send for pamphlet. Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON Cologne and look for signature of

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on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

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HOME AND CITY MADE

FURNITURE!

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

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Between 16th and 17th Sts.,

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Citizens of Cambria county and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully invited to give us a call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident that we can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest.

Altoona, April 19, 1880.-tf.

McNEVIN & YEAGER,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE,

—AND DEALERS IN—

COOKING & HEATING STOVES,

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One Door West of Opera House.

ROOFING AND SPOUTING

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REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Altoona, Oct. 10, 1879.-tf.

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Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, Seines, Nets, Knives, Razors, Shaves, Hammocks, etc.

Large Illustrated Catalogue FREE.

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS,

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A NEW CURE FOR

POTATO BUGS

AND ALL TROUBLESOME VERMIN.

Safe, sure, cleanly and cheap. Sample Package, Postpaid, 50 cts. AGENTS WANTED. Address,

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OPIUM & MORPHINE EATING

A Treatise on their speedy cure SENT FREE. Dr. J.C. HOFFMAN, P.O. Box 2249, Chicago, Ill.

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Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters.

Reasons Why they are Preferred to All Other Porous Plasters or External Remedies:

First.

Because they possess all the merit of the strengthening porous plaster, and contain in addition thereto the newly discovered powerful and active vegetable combination which acts with increased rubefacient, stimulating, sedative and counter irritant effects.

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Because they are a genuine pharmaceutical preparation, and so recognised by the profession.

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Because they are the only plasters that relieve pain at once.

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Because they will positively cure diseases which other remedies will not even relieve.

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Because over 3000 physicians and druggists have voluntarily testified that they are superior to all other plasters or medicines for external use,

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SEABURY & JOHNSON,

Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 50cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

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Just published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure of SPERMATORRHŒA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, &c.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, etc.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured: pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and *radically*.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, *post-paid*, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps.

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DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVURA AND BRAIN TREATMENT, A specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains 1 month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six bottles to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by five dollars, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when the treatment is ordered direct from us. Address JOHN C. WEST & CO., Sole Proprietors, 183 & 185 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Sold by all druggists. SMITH, KLINE & Co., Wholesale Agents, Philadelphia. [4-6, '81.-1y.]

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PHÉNOL SODIQUE.

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Invaluable as an astringent and styptic application in HEMORRHAGES after EXTRACTION of TEETH, and to prevent subsequent soreness of the gums; as a wash for the mouth, in cases of DISEASED GUMS or APHTHOUS conditions, or to DISINFECT an OFFENSIVE BREATH; as a gargle in THROAT AFFECTIONS, SCARLATINA, DIPHTHERIA; as an application in PARASITIC AFFECTIONS and ERUPTIVE DISEASES, and as an injection for all abnormal discharges and FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE DEALERS.

Swedish Insect Powder Kills

POTATO BUGS

And all Troublesome Vermin.

It will thoroughly exterminate Roaches, Ants, Bed Bugs, Fleas, Lice, Moths, Tobacco and Cotton Worms &c. It is safe, sure, cleanly and cheap. It will not poison animals or fowls. Sample package by mail 30 cents, post-paid. Stamps taken. Circulars free. Agents Wanted. Address JAS. E. JOHNSTON, 149 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. [5-26-3m.]

$500 REWARD!

WE will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large Boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cts. For sale by all Druggists. Beware of counterfeiters and imitators. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 183 & 185 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail prepaid on receipt of 2 cent stamp. [4-6,'81.-1y.]

GUENTHER'S LUNG BALM,

REMOVES THE CAUSE.

TRADE MARK.

FOR THE CURE OF

CONSUMPTION

Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh of Head and all Diseases of the Pulmonary Organs.

Price, 50 cents and $1.00. Ask your Druggist for it.

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March 30, 1882.-6m.

Staves, Heading and Lumber.

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF

STAVES, HEADINGS AND LUMBER.

Also, New and Second-handed Barrels. Best of references. Address C. J. GILLESPIE, Duquesne Way, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, Pittsburgh, Pa. [5-5,-6m.]

WANTED, SALESMEN.

To canvass for the sale of our Nursery Stock. Unequalled facilities. Salary and expenses paid. 500 acres of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, etc.

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NEW BOOK Practical Life. The Key to Fortune 600 pp. Clear type, finest binding and illustrations. AGENTS WANTED. $75 to $150 per Month. For Terms, address J. C. McCURDY & Co., Philadelphia, Pa

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 27 Stops, 10 set Reeds, only $90. Pianos $125 up. Rare Holiday Inducements Ready. Write or call on BEATTY, Washington, N.J.

CURIOUS FISHES.

The little shooting-fish, a curious specimen of tropical life, is an expert marksman and kills his game by a water shot. An English gentleman, who kept one in a basin, reports that it would swim around and around, watching for a fly or ant to appear on the edge of the vessel. As soon as one was in sight, the fish, poising itself, would shoot out a drop of water with such dexterity as to cause the victim to drop into the basin, where it was quickly swallowed. He also says that when three of four of these "shooters" are confined in a basin they will fire in turn, with singular regularity.

The beauties of ocean life are perhaps as endless and astonishing as its grandeurs and terrors. What could be more fairy-like in real existence than the creatures in the aqarium at Naples? Since this aquarium is the only one that can draw supplies from a warm sea, there are always some really lovely things in the shape of glass-like animals, which swim on the surface, to be seen there, which nowhere else could be exhibited, and which are daily renewed when the weather permits.

The *cestum cenaris* is one of the most striking of these transparent organism, being a band of perfectly glass-like consistency, nearly a yard in length, undulating like a snake, and slowly moving through the water by means of two rows of large, vibrating fringes, which glisten with all the colors of the rainbow. Some of these are brought in nearly every day by the fishermen, and hundreds of the long chains of transparent calpar, not to speak of heroes as large as lemons, glass shrimps, inhabiting the transparent little tubs known as Doliolum, and sometimes a Leptocephalus (thin head), a true vertebrate fish, which one at first sees only the black eyes, all the rest of the body being absolutely as clear as a piece of glass—a really ideal ghost of a fish.

Creatures are found in the fossil rock, and even living in the sea at the present time, which almost realize the animal of ancient fable, such as the centeur, the triton, the flying dragon and the hippocampus. A picture of the last named monster will be found under the word in Webster's Unabridged; and something very nearly like it, a specimen of the ribbon fish, was recently sent to the South African Museum at Cape Town by its captors. This creature is believed to be one of the creatures which sailors regard as sea-serpents. It is described as about fifteen feet long, without the tail, and is colored like burnished silver. It has a head resembling that of a horse, a big eye, and a mane-like fin down the back.

A NEW CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—A venerable physician writing on this subject, says: "I wish to say a few words to whom it may concern on the use of the swing, one of the gymnastic excercises as a preventative and cure of pulmonary disease. I mean the suspending of the body by the hands by means of a rope or chain fastened to a beam at one end, and at the other a stick three feet long, convenient to grasp with the hands. The rope should be fastened to the centre of the stick and should hang six of eight inches above the head. Let a person grasp this stick with his hands two or three feet apart, and swing very moderately at first, perhaps only bear the weight, if very weak, and gradually increase as the muscles gain strength from the exercise, until it may be freely used from three to five times daily. The connection of the arms with the body (with the exception of the clavical with the sternum or breast bone) being a muscular attachment to the ribs, the effect of this exercise is to elevate the ribs and enlarge the chest, and, as nature allows no vacuum, the lungs expand to fill the cavity, increasing the volume of air—the natural purifier of the blood—and preventing the congestion or the deposit of tuberculous matter. I have prescribed the above for all cases of hemorrhage of the lungs and threatened consumption for twenty-five years, and have been able to increase the measure of the chest from two to four inches within a few months, and always with good result. But especially as a preservative I would recommend this exercise. Let those who love life cultivate a well-formed, capacious chest. The student, the merchant, the redentary, the young of both sexes, and ages, all should have a swing upon which to stretch themselves daily, and I am morally certain that if this was to be practiced by the rising generation, thousands, yea, tens of thousands would be saved from the ravages of that opprobrum medicorum, consumption.

CRAFTY CROWS.—The crows seem to be very clever in Japan. At any rate they are so reported by another Bird—Mrs. Arabella, the author of some travels in that county. Several of them were looking at a dog with a big piece of meat and were saying a good deal to each other on the subject. After much earnest speech one of them succeeded in tearing off a small piece, whereupon they all surrounded the dog and the small piece was dropped near him. Unwisely he turned to seize it, while the other crows bore off the big piece to the tree, where they ate it. The dog looked vainly about fer it, and then barked at them inanely. Another time the dog was holding a piece of meat in the presence of three crows. After a consultation they separated, the two going as near as they dared to the meat, while the third gave the tail a bite which made him turn sharply around while the other crows seized the meat and off with it to the top of the wall. Along the seashore they are very amusing, for they "take the air," in the evening, seated on sand banks facing the wind, with their open mouths.

SUCCESSFUL FARMERS.—Two notable instances of successful farming are mentioned in the current issue of the *Farm Journal*. One is that of E. M. Denison, of Albany county, N. Y., who upon a forty acre farm made last year a net profit of $2,163,00. The other is that of Geo. L. Mitchell, a New Jersey truck farmer, whos profit last year from "a farm of less than sixty acres, a portion being timber," amounted to $1,128, 27. In each of these cases the labor was performed mainly by the owner and two sons, so that the amount mentioned as profits represents the wages received for their labor, and the interest of the farm investment. In the case of Mr. Denison, allowing the father $25 and the sons each $20 per month for wages, it leaves a net profit of $31 per acre or something more than 10 per cent. upon a valuation of $300 per acre. Mr. Mitchell, on a somewhat larger farm, received about 10 per cent on a valuation of $226 per acre. Surely either of these may be cited as an instance of successful farming and an illustration of the "benefits of a little farm well tilled"'

HORSES WITH HEAVES.—If the disease is not of long standing as when brought on by the overfeeding of hay, during the past winter, especially clover or dusty hay, and the hay is taken away there is a possibility that the horse may be useful for some years. But if the horse is well advanced in years, and has had the heaves for a long time, there is possibly no prospect for cure. Partial relief may be obtained by feeding very light on hay, giving sweet grain as the principal feed, and being careful not to let the animal have all the water it will drink. Horses with heaves are usually fed wet food, but if it is perfectly free from dust, wetting is not essential. From seven to ten pounds of hay is sufficient for a heavy horse per day, and that should be given at night.—*New England Farmer.*

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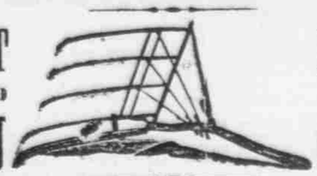
L. & S. W. DAVIS.

EBENSBURG, MAY 19, 1882.--tf.

THE "BOSS" GRAIN CRADLE

HARVEST AND NO ONE CAN AFFORD GRAIN



IS COMING TO BE WITHOUT A GOOD CRADLE

THE above "cut" represents the BEST in the market. It is made of well-seasoned wood, together on SCIENTIFIC principles, and is adjustible in all its parts, so that it can be used easily to cut any kind of grain. The fingers are all moveable, and the manner of fastening can be found to be a great improvement. Each Scythe is being correct, care being taken that BOSS MAKE POINT HEAVY. Each part of the Cradle is well-turned, the end of the snath is adjustable, so that it can be adjusted for either light or heavy grain. For easy running, good, strong and symmetrical swath laying the

"BOSS" CRADLE

CANNOT BE EXCELLED. These Cradles can be bought from my agents in Johnstown, Ebensburg, Carrolltown, St. Augustine, Chest Springs, Loretto and Munster, or may be ordered through any hardware dealer in any part of Cambria county or elsewhere. See the "BOSS" and be convinced that is the BEST and CHEAPEST in the market.

BEWARE of IMITATIONS!

This Cradle was formerly known as the "Miller Cradle," but has been manufactured for over forty years by Philip McGuire, father of the undersigned. It has been greatly improved and modified, and is a much better implement than the old "Miller." There is no other genuine mowing machine manufactured, but a comparison will show farmers and dealers that the "BOSS" is by far the superior.

None genuine unless my name is upon the swath. Any one manufacturing or selling any cradle made under the name of the Miller or McGuire Cradle will be dealt with according to law.

All persons wishing to have their old cradles repaired should call soon as it will be impossible to accommodate them if left until within a few days of the harvest.

B. J. C. McGUIRE, Manufacturer, WILMORE, PA.

June 16, 1881.-tf.

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